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PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES CULVER JOHNSON

KENTUCKY'S POLITICAL TURMOIL

A MASS-MEETING OF MOUNTAINEERS IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, JUST PREVIOUS TO THE SHOOTING OF SENATOR WILLIAM GOEBEL, THE DEMOCRATIC CONTENDANT FOR THE OFFICE OF GOVERNOR, WHICH OCCURRED ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 30. SENATOR GOEBEL, ACCOMPANIED BY A BODYGUARD, ENTERED THE CAPITOL GROUNDS; WHEN PASSING THE FOUNTAIN HE WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A BULLET FIRED FROM THE WINDOW OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING MARKED (X) IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

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Journal of ArtLiterature and
Current Events

WEEKLY

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New York February Tenth 1900

THE REPULSE of General Buller's second attempt to relieve Ladysmith and the withdrawal of his troops to the south of the Tugela River has apparently put an end to the British hope of prosecuting a campaign in Natal with success. In the opinion of foreign military experts, it would now be the part of wisdom for General Buller to retire on Pietermaritzburg, and, perhaps, even to Durban, which could be protected by British warships, and whence a large part of his soldiers could be detached for the purpose of co-operating in the movement originally planned against Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The nucleus of an invading army is already forthcoming in the forces under General French and General Gatacre, which are stationed on the first of the two terraces that must be surmounted by those who would reach the interior from the coast. It should not be difficult for Lord Roberts to concentrate on the first terrace, better known as the Karroo region, a body of troops overwhelmingly superior in point of numbers to any levies that the Boer republics could array against them. If such a body could manage to scale the natural bulwark which separates the first from the second terrace, the principal obstacle would be overcome, and there would stretch before it a vast plain, eminently suited to the movements of cavalry and artillery, over which progress should be uninterrupted in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal as well, until the fortifications of Johannesburg and Pretoria are approached. There is no doubt that Lord Roberts has, or soon will have, at his disposal the means of making a formidable demonstration along this line of attack, which, from the outset, has been pronounced by strategists the best. Without taking into account the small Australian and Canadian contingents, the total number of British troops in South Africa, including the Natal, Cape Colony and Rhodesia militia, was, according to the latest computation, about 140,000. In addition, upward of 20,000 men and 155 guns are now at sea on their way to Cape Town, and 20,000 more are practically ready to embark. Within a few weeks, therefore, the British Commander-in-Chief should be able to reinforce General French and General Gatacre by some 50,000 soldiers and at least 150 guns, and, if the whole body were placed under the command of Lord Kitchener, Englishmen would at last believe that the most would be made of their resources. On the other hand, it must be said that a reversion to the original plan of attack would probably result in the loss of both Ladysmith and Kimberley, and that the capture of those places would set at liberty a large proportion of the Boer strength for defensive pur-

poses. The natural rampart which divides the Karroo terrace from the interior plateau is scarcely less defensible than the Natal ranges of which the Boers have made such effective use, and it is by no means certain that Roberts and Kitchener may not be in their turn defeated. Lord Roberts has never commanded in the field more than 10,000 men, nor has Lord Kitchener ever had under his orders even so large a number of white soldiery. Their successes have been won against half-civilized or savage tribesmen in Afghanistan and the Sudan, and it remains to be seen whether they are better qualified than is General Buller to cope with the Boers, who, thus far, have both outmaneuvered and outfought their opponents.

THE PROSPECT of even ultimate British triumph being thus clouded, the question arises whether it would not be prudent for the British Government to seek an immediate accommodation with the Boers. There is no reason to suppose that the Transvaal, which, should the contest be prolonged indefinitely, must, in all likelihood, succumb to an overwhelming weight of numbers, would now show itself exacting about terms. The Boers would, of course, require a recognition of the absolute independence of both the South African republics, and, according to Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal's representative in Europe, they would also expect the restitution of certain territories whereof they have been deprived. They also need free access to the sea, but this they could gain by purchase from Portugal, if England would countenance the transaction. Of course it will be urged in certain quarters that England could not brook the humiliation involved in assent to peace upon such conditions. The answer is that the humiliation has been incurred already, and that it cannot be retrieved by continuing the war until the last Boer, fighting for his independence, has fallen in his tracks. That would not be an outcome of the contest which would redound to England's glory. Nothing that the British Government can now do will wipe out the humiliation inflicted by Buller's, Methuen's and Gatacre's defeats and by the exposure of the grievous shortcomings of the British military system. Why should England go forward and incur a vast additional expenditure, only to risk further disasters, and the daily increasing danger of European intervention? Why should not England profit by the experience which she gained in our Revolutionary War? England has now lost more men in killed, wounded and prisoners in South Africa than she lost in the American colonies up to and including Burgoyne's surrender in October, 1777, an event, be it remembered, which, within a few months, was followed by the armed interposition of France on behalf of the United States. There were not a few far-sighted public men in England at that time, who advised the immediate recognition of American independence, lest worse should befall Great Britain. Their counsel was rejected by George III. on the plea that the humiliation incident to such a course would be intolerable. The humiliation, however, had to be borne in the end, and, when it came, it was coupled with a tremendous addition to the British national debt between 1777 and 1783; with ruinous losses suffered by the British mercantile marine at the hands of French, Spanish and Dutch war vessels; with the loss of East Florida and certain West Indian possessions which otherwise might have been kept; with the loss of Minorca, then perhaps the finest naval stronghold in the Mediterranean, and with the cession to France of Pondicherry and other valuable posts in India. That is a lesson which he who runs may read, and why should Lord Salisbury be blind to it?

IT IS NOT, of course, to be expected that Great Britain should herself sue for peace to two puny commonwealths, which have thus far beaten her not so much through the indisputable skill and valor of their militia as through the inherent defects of the British military system. It is not necessary that the overtures for an accommodation of the quarrel should come from the British Government. Any foreign power, of whose friendliness England is convinced, might offer mediation without justifying any resentment on her part. Were such a proposal made by France or Russia, no doubt it would be rejected with considerable irritation, because the attitude of the French and Russian peoples has been notoriously hostile to Great Britain in this contest. The same thing, probably, would be true of an offer to mediate on the part of the German Emperor, because, although he gave proof of his personal good-will by a well-timed visit to Windsor, he has not been able to prevent his subjects from expressing fervent sympathy with the Boers. There is but one power on earth from which an offer to mediate could not be reasonably resented by either of the combatants. That power is the United States, and we heartily echo the wish expressed on January 29 in the Senate by Senator Hoar that the time may soon come when the struggle of the gallant Boers for independence may be ended by mediation through the tender of good offices by our Government. Had The Hague Treaty been ratified by the Senate, we could at once proceed under the clause providing that powers, strangers to a dispute, have the right to tender good offices or mediation even during the course of hostilities, and that the exercise of this right can never be regarded by one or the other of the parties in conflict as an unfriendly act. We do not need, however, to wait for the ratification of that treaty. Our State Department has already performed an act of practical mediation between

China and the powers which had dismembered sections of that empire, by insisting that the treaties between China and the United States shall remain valid in the dismembered territories, thus removing the strongest incentive to any further mutilation of the Middle Kingdom. We no more violate the Monroe Doctrine, which cautions us against involving ourselves in foreign political questions, by mediation in Africa than by mediation in the Far East. Indeed, the latter act is more justifiable, being prompted not by commercial but by humanitarian motives. The main point, however, to be considered is this, that an offer of mediation made by us would stand in the eyes of the British Government on an entirely different footing from one made by any other foreign power. There are two kinds of mediation, one unmistakably friendly, and the other constructively hostile. Any offer to mediate made by a European State, even by Germany, would be viewed by the English people, if not by their Government, as belonging in the latter category. The offer would be looked upon as a veiled threat. No such interpretation could be put upon the tender of our good offices by either the British Government or the British nation. The good-will of our State Department has been shown only too effusively. Assuredly, if any departure has been made by us from the line of strict neutrality, it has not taken the direction of the Transvaal. Under the circumstances, an offer to mediate emanating from our Government would receive, and would deserve to receive, in England the most serious consideration.

IT WILL BE remembered that the determination of the course to be pursued in the Philippines was remitted to Congress by the President in his third annual message. It begins to look as if an attempt to solve the difficult political problems presented by the archipelago would be postponed until the reassembling of this Congress in December, 1900, the islands being meanwhile left under the sole control of the Executive. If any of the numerous resolutions on the subject, which have been submitted to the Senate and the House of Representatives, has any chance of passing, it is seemingly that framed by Senator Morgan of Alabama, which confines itself to the assertion that the Philippines have, by virtue of the treaty concluded with Spain, become a part of the national domain. To prevent the passage of any resolution except Senator Morgan's is shrewd political strategy on the part of the Republicans. It reduces the expansion issue to a minimum. No reasonable citizen will deny that, by the treaty framed at Paris, and subsequently ratified by both parties, the islands did become a part of the national domain. What the status of their inhabitants is, whether they are citizens or subjects, whether they are entitled to all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, are very different questions, which Congress will have refused to answer, deferring them to a more convenient season. Meanwhile, as regards the applicability of a Territorial government, technically so called, to the relatively civilized Tagals in Luzon and Visayas in most of the central islands, we may point out that a Territorial government does not, by any means, involve an early acquisition of State rights. We may note that New Mexico is still under a Territorial government, although fifty-two years have elapsed since it became a part of the national domain. If fifty-two years, why not a century? We would further direct the attention of our readers to the fact that all the inhabitants of the United States are not treated by the Constitution and the laws as either actual or prospective citizens. Those who make this assertion, and deny that, under the Constitution, the United States can have subjects as well as citizens, forget the status of Indians in the Indian Territory and elsewhere. What privileges they possess are derived from treaties. They have no representation in our national government; they are not subject to taxation or conscription. They in no wise answer the definition of citizenship, but they exactly meet the definition of subjects. In just such a way as we treat the Indians may we treat the savages of Mindanao and of other islands, the prospect of whose ultimate fitness for citizenship is remote, if not non-existent. There is, in a word, no constitutional bar to the retention of the Philippines. We can give their inhabitants either the status of the denizens of New Mexico or that of the Indians, together with various gradations between those extremes, according to circumstances. The strongest objections to the retention of the Philippines are not constitutional but moral and industrial. It is hard at first sight to reconcile our determination to subjugate the Tagals of Luzon, who have earned independence a hundred times more thoroughly than ever did the Cubans, with the self-denying pledge whereby, on April 18, 1898, we bound ourselves not to engage in the war for interested purposes, but solemnly promised to make the Cubans independent. The commercial objection to the annexation of the Philippines is based, of course, upon the fear that the admission of their products free of duty will, sooner or later, lessen the demand for similar commodities now grown in the United States. We have repeatedly set forth our reasons for believing that neither the ethical nor the mercantile objection will bear close examination. The future will probably show that it would have been far better for Cuba had we not debarred ourselves irrevocably from any attempt to secure the annexation of that island. No first-hand observer will assert that either the Tagals or the Cubans are fit for the responsibilities of absolute self-government.

SHALL WE RETAIN THE PHILIPPINES?

BY SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

NINE-TENTHS of the arguments against the retention of the Philippine Islands seem to consist of eloquent but inapplicable eulogies upon the Declaration of Independence, of which the opponents of the President's policy and the Republican party appear to consider themselves the sole owners and lovers, and of heated denunciations of the purpose and motives of all who differ from them. The other tenth of these arguments are based upon newspaper reports, upon the veracious declarations of Aguinaldo and his friends (interested witnesses, perhaps), upon the careless and utterly unauthorized utterances of one or two consuls, and upon certain sentences in official reports, torn from their context and twisted and tortured until, like the miserable victims of the rack or the boot in mediæval times, they have become so broken and feeble that they can be used as evidence for almost anything. Those, on the other hand, who favor the retention of the islands are most anxious that every particle of information received by the government should be published, and that the discussion of the question should be as full and thorough as possible; for they believe that the more the facts are known, the more impregnable their position will appear to the American people, and the more thoroughly will every one be convinced of the wisdom and soundness of the President's policy. The arguments in favor of the retention of the Philippines are conclusive, but they are so numerous and so capable of elaboration that it is not easy to state them in a necessarily limited space. As all discussion is helpful, however, it may be possible to disengage from the mass of material the leading propositions in favor of our present Philippine policy so that even the brevity of the statement will not deprive them of value to those who are interested in this great subject, as all Americans are, or ought to be.

In the proper prosecution of our war with Spain we attacked her fleet in the Philippines, a military measure the wisdom of which no one can dispute. The victory of Admiral Dewey put the Bay of Manila in our possession and laid the city helpless at our feet. Troops went out to support the victorious Admiral, and before the signing of the protocol was known in the Philippines the city itself fell into the possession of our combined military and naval forces. This possession was confirmed by the protocol, and it must be remembered that the city of Manila is the commercial, political and military key to the archipelago. When negotiations began at Paris the question before us was what should be done with the Philippines. As the discussion went on it became apparent that under no circumstances could we with honor or self-respect return the islands to Spain, and that to do so would be an act of infamy. The Filipinos, including Aguinaldo and his followers, besought us in most moving terms not to return the islands to their former masters, and no American had any wish to deny their request. There was, however, but one way to accomplish this result, and that was to insist upon the cession of the islands to the United States. There was no other power who had either the right or the ability to take up the territory and sovereignty of Spain—the only sovereignty which had ever existed in the islands—when they fell from her nerveless grasp. Our duty to ourselves, to the Filipinos, and the world commanded us to take the islands. We did so, and, despite the opposition which was made to the treaty, there was not a man in either House of Congress who would have voted to return the islands to Spain, although many with delightful inconsistency resisted the ratification of the treaty, despite the fact that the treaty was the only means by which the re-establishment of Spanish rule could be prevented.

The possession of the islands, therefore, came to us as rightfully and as righteously as the possession of any territory ever came to any people. By the law of nations the title of the United States to the Philippines is perfect, and no other nation has ever made the slightest suggestion that it is not. Our title has been accepted by the world without a whisper of opposition, and this point of our right under the law of nations is too plain to require argument. The treaty when ratified became the supreme law of the land, and Congress enlarged the army to enable the President to cope with the insurrection which had broken out. By the Constitution and laws of the United States, the title of the United States is also perfect, and the legality of our action there unimpeachable. This, again, is too plain a proposition to require argument.

Let us look now for a moment at the new territory of which we have thus become the possessors. The Philippine group extends over a distance of a thousand miles north and south. The large-scale maps show that it consists of 1,725 islands, great and small. Of these at least 60 are over twenty miles square. Geographically, therefore, it is a broken and separated territory, scattered over a wide extent of ocean. It is physically without unity or connection. The best statistics—and the best are poor—indicate that there is a population in all the islands of over eight millions. This population consists of different races, of many tribes—President Schurmann and Professor Worcester say there are eighty-four—speaking fifty or sixty languages and dialects. Most of these people are of the Malay stock, but in many of the tribes the Malay blood is

greatly mixed. Another division consists of the Negritos, who are ethnically totally different from the Malays, largely savage wanderers in the mountainous and wooded interiors of the islands and who are in the lowest stage of barbarism. They are racially as different from the Malays as we are. There are also in the interior many wild and barbarous Malay tribes with no conception of government whatever, except in the case of certain of them like the Macabebes, who have one fixed political idea, which is, that they will fight the Tagals to the death, and will unite with any one against them. The Malay tribes are almost as widely divided among themselves as from the Negritos. Those of the Sulu archipelago and Mindanao are Mohammedans, and bitter foes of the Christianized Malays of Luzon, and among the Christianized Malays some are as hostile to the Tagals as they are to the Moros, while the wild tribes or "Infeles" are hostile to both. The islands fell an easy prey to the Spanish conquerors, because there was no unity among them. They were detached tribes living under the despotism of local chiefs. There was no consolidation, no unity, even among the inhabitants of a single island. The Filipinos have never been either a people or a nation. There has never been any single sovereignty there, or any central government, except that of Spain, to which we

Upon the point of taking the islands without the consent of the governed a word may be said. We have never asked the consent of any inhabitant of all the vast territory we have annexed, with the single exception of Hawaii.* If we had wanted the consent of the Filipinos there was no means of getting it, and nobody has ever had it, so far as an expression by votes goes. There was but one course open to us, which was to take the islands under the law of nations and the laws of good morals, and then by wise and beneficent government to prove that we had the consent of the governed by their general acquiescence in a rule which brought them greater liberty and a higher prosperity than anything of which they had ever dreamed. The rebellion of a portion of one tribe under the leadership of a self-seeking dictator of the ordinary half-breed type in no wise alters the general proposition. It merely added to our duties that of subduing an insurrection and restoring peace and order as a preliminary to other work that we are to do. The proposition of Aguinaldo and his followers—which now appears to be that of the Democratic party in the United States—that we should recognize this local leader of a portion of a single tribe as the ruler of all the Filipinos, that we should sustain him in governing and help him to crush the other tribes at the same time that we protected him from interference by foreign nations, is a scheme so preposterous that the bare statement of it carries its refutation. To have responsibility without power, to be involved in wars with the natives, in difficult negotiations, and in other wars with foreign powers, at the pleasure of an irresponsible Chinese Mestizo, is what this policy would force upon us. It would require fleets and armies, and bring wars and rumors of wars, beyond anything we can readily imagine, and would have no result except injury to ourselves coupled with misery and the destruction of all hope of advancement to the people whom we rescued from Spain. Is it not better, sorer, more moral in the highest degree, to restore peace and order in the Philippines, bring to them prosperity, freedom and safety, and confer upon them as rapidly as conditions justify it the largest measure of self-government and home rule? Such, at least, is the policy which those who support the President's action believe in, just as they believe in the ability and honesty of the American people to deal successfully with the islands, qualities which our opponents deny to the American people by the very fact of their opposition.

Our duty to the Filipinos, therefore, requires that we shall retain the islands which we acquired under the treaty at Paris, and I set this duty first as the controlling reason for the action of our government. But there is another reason which has, and ought to have, great weight. The opponents of the President's policy and the admirers of Aguinaldo are wont to cry out when any one says that there are great material benefits to the United States in the possession of the Philippines that this is a sordid argument. I notice that they are quite ready to offer arguments to show that the Philippines will be to us a source of labor, expense and trouble, and I have been unable to see why, if arguments of expediency in favor of retaining the Philippines are sordid, arguments of the same character against retaining them are not equally base. But inconsistencies of this sort are of little moment. We owe a duty to the Filipinos, a great and serious duty, and that duty commands the retention of the islands; but we also owe a duty to ourselves, greater and more serious, from my point of view, because I think the interests of the American people ought to be put first in all great public questions. In retaining the Philippines then, we not only

perform the high duty incumbent upon us in regard to the inhabitants of those islands, but we enter upon a policy which will be of great benefit to the people of the United States, a fact which, in my judgment, is capable of absolute demonstration. We shall never admit the Philippines within our tariff, we shall never make their people part of the citizenship of the United States. I do not believe that there is anything in our Constitution, in view of the provisions of the treaty of Paris, which makes either necessary, but if it should be otherwise then we can amend the Constitution so that this country may have the power, inherent in every conception of national sovereignty, to govern an outlying possession without absorbing it within its own political organization. The islands themselves are undeveloped. Nothing, indeed, was ever developed that Spain owned. They are rich in forests, in minerals, and in hemp. They are without roads. They are inaccessible. Yet there are eight or ten million people in the Philippines, a large market as it stands to-day, with capabilities of great increase as the wants of the people expand in the sunshine of prosperity, freedom and civilization. We need ample markets in the interests of our farmers and our workmen. We not only need them, we must have them. Here is one. We can develop it, we can

* Texas is an apparent but not a real exception. There American citizens went in, settled, conquered their territory from Mexico and then voted to join their own country. It was annexation by conquest; the road was a little circuitous, but the methods and the results were the same.



COPYRIGHT BY CHICKERING, BOSTON
SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXPANSIONIST LEADER IN THE SENATE AND CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW
COMMITTEE ON THE PHILIPPINES

succeeded. To accept the Tagal followers of Aguinaldo as representing the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands would be just as intelligent as to hold that because William Penn made a treaty with the Delawares we thereby bound and were bound to the Sioux, Pawnees and Apaches, who roamed over the great plains of the West. There has never been a Filipino nation, there has never been a Filipino government, there has never been a scintilla of evidence that at any period they had any central government whatever, or were capable of having any form of government larger than a village community, which was not an unrestrained Asiatic despotism, whether exercised by a Sultan in the Mohammedan regions, or by some military dictator of like political instincts among those who had come under the rule and example of Spain. Of self-government, as we understand it, or as it is understood by Western civilization, there has never been the faintest conception in the Philippine Islands, and there never will be unless we give them the opportunity, and by slow processes teach them what it is. If we should go away and leave them, bloody anarchy and short-lived dictatorships, different in each island, would follow, while hard upon the heels of these conditions would come the seizure of the group by some European power not troubled by vague phrases about self-government. This was perfectly well known when the treaty was made, the purposes of European powers were understood, the capabilities of the Filipinos were appreciated, and these facts not only made it necessary for us to take the islands but would have rendered any other course of action a national disgrace.

PICTURES BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, FREDERICK PALMER



THE CAISSON, WITH GENERAL LAWTON'S REMAINS, APPROACHING PACO CEMETERY

largely control it. It will be an important and direct material benefit to the agriculture and the industries of the United States. And yet this is the least of the reasons for retaining the Philippines. We need markets. We cannot allow ourselves to be shut out by unjust and special discriminations from any of the great markets of the world, and the greatest of these is China. Before we ever thought of the Philippines, before the Spanish war, those who watched the outside world with senses sharpened by their desire to provide ample employment and high wages for our farmers and our operatives saw the danger looming over China. They saw that the great Northern power of the Slav was preparing to grasp that empire and shut its gates upon the trade of the world. They saw, as they see to-day, American trade with China growing rapidly. They noticed the large product of the Southern mills passing into Northern China and increasing in volume. They realized what all this meant to the United States, and they felt that sooner or later the United States must interfere for the protection and the upbuilding of its Eastern trade. They were convinced that the United States must be a controlling power in the Pacific, one coast of which we held. It was plain that Hawaii was the first step in the furtherance of this policy, but beyond that all was darkness and doubt. Suddenly the Philippines fell into our hands, and it became plain in a moment that the Eastern question, in its most pressing form, was solved for us. The possession of the Philippines made us an Eastern power with the right, and what was equally important, the force behind the right, to speak. No longer will it be possible for other powers to shut the gates of China upon us, which would be a real disaster to the industry and the agriculture of the United States. Sooner, indeed, than any one dreamed we have demonstrated the truth of this proposition. Mr. Hay, as Secretary of State, has obtained from all the great powers of Europe their assent to our demand for the guarantee of all our treaty rights in China, and for the maintenance of the policy of the open door. I do not believe one of the most important diplomatic achievements in our hundred years of national existence when I say that the assent of these other powers to the propositions of the United States was given to the master of Manila. They might have turned us aside three years ago with a shrug and a smile, but to the power which held Manila Bay, and whose fleet floated upon its waters, they were obliged to give a gracious answer. This great result, this first step, toward the maintenance and development of our Chinese trade was due to our possession of the Philip-

pinas. Much more remains behind. Will the American people reject this opportunity? Will they throw away all this trade, and all this wealth? They have not yet shown themselves to be so stupid or so timid, and I do not believe that they will begin now. Will they throw away this vast material advantage, which will be an equal blessing to the people among whom they have come, and which goes hand in hand with the performance of their duty? In view of the character and the history of the American people such action seems to me improbable. Every consideration of material interests demands that we should retain the Philippines, while our duty to their inhabitants, whom we would rescue from the

THE STORY OF GENERAL LAWTON'S DEATH

BY FREDERICK PALMER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

MANILA, DECEMBER 22

THE MOMENT that General Lawton arrived in town from the front Mrs. Lawton took charge of him. She saw to it that his clothes and his food were right; and the big soldier was as a child in the little woman's hands.

She hurried through the dark days of his absence by making light for the wounded officers and men of her husband's division who were in the hospital. The arrangements that she was making to surprise each one with a Christmas present had to wait for the three days that he was at home before he started on the insignificant expedition that cost him his life. I happened to see them both the last afternoon they were together. She was sitting near his desk at the Division Headquarters while he was looking over the typewriter's copy of his orders for the expedition, which he had written with a pencil on a pad in his full, round hand.

I had brought him a photograph of himself which was taken last spring. Anything about the General interested Mrs. Lawton at once. She scrutinized the likeness carefully from many points of view and concluded that it was very good. Since it was taken, however, the General had grown a full beard.

"I shall have to make another on that account," I suggested.

But, as she looked first at the picture and then at the General, she seemed dubious about this.

"I don't know as I am going to let him keep the beard," she explained. "It does very well for the present, for he has so little chance to shave when he is at the front."

"Would you go with him to a post hop in the States if he wore it?" I asked her jokingly.

"Oh, I would go with him anywhere!" she replied earnestly.

The road to the General's headquarters was a well-beaten one for the correspondents. He was always accessible and kindly, and never misplaced confidence in trusting them with information as to his future movements.

"It won't be worth your while to go with us on this trip."



LAWTON'S REMAINS LYING IN THE CHAPEL AT PACO CEMETERY WITH GUARD OF HONOR. THE FLAG COVERING THE CASKET IS HIS DIVISION STANDARD

conditions in which Spain left them, and to whom we would give freedom and self government, commands with a still loftier voice that we should remain,

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



LANDING WOUNDED BRITISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
FROM THE "SUMATRA" AT CAPE TOWN



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—CARRYING WOUNDED BRITISH OFFICERS ON BOARD A TRANSPORT AT DURBAN

he said. "We are only going out to garrison San Mateo with two battalions of infantry and an escort of Colonel Lockett's cavalry. Maybe there are two or three hundred insurgents up there. They'll fire a few shots and run, as usual."

Early in the afternoon a heavy rainstorm set in. On his way at nine o'clock in the evening out to the pumping station, where the little force was to be mobilized, he stopped at the Palace for a final word with General Otis, who told him again that he was needlessly exposing himself to the storm and to turn the command over to Colonel Lockett.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said. "This will keep the rain off," referring to a long, yellow oilskin coat that he was wearing.

The death of no man in the army ought to have been less of a surprise. But bullets had so often knocked up the dust at his feet and nipped the twigs over his head, we had come almost to believe that in his instance they were respecters of persons. The Filipinos were familiar with his towering form crowned by a white helmet, directing the fire of his men. He came upon them by surprise like an avenging spirit, and gave them no rest. They called him "the sleepless one." In the confidence that it will give them, his loss means more than the reduction of our forces by a brigade. If all the lead that has been spent in trying to bring him down were molded in one piece it would make a man twice his size.

It was as hard for him to keep out of the thick of the fighting as for some small boys to keep out of mischief. When the bullets were unusually thick he would take off his white helmet and hold it between his two hands as if he was trying to discover why it attracted them. His staff begged him again and again to discard this helmet, which made him as prominent—he was always standing or on horseback—as the church-steeple in the landscape of a town viewed from a distance. He only laughed and said:

"It's very comfortable. Keeps my head cool. Bought it at Suez for a dollar and a half. Bargain, wasn't it?"

The common expressions "He knew no fear" and "His men idolized him" were really applicable to the General. In small actions against guerillas he felt that his place was with the skirmishers. He was too interested in the work at hand to mind the bullets any more than the scholar in his abstraction minds the bees humming at his open window. One day as he was passing along the line he noticed that a man was nervous.

"This isn't so very hot," he said. "You'll soon get used to it, my boy. They do a lot of singing, but they seldom hit."

"Tain't me," was the reply, "it's you, sir, I'm worrying about. We'd all feel a lot easier if you would lie down."

The General laughed just as he did when some member of his staff presumed to ask him to take cover. He was fatalist enough to believe that when it was his turn to be hit he would "get it," whether he exposed himself or not.

The recognition and promotion of such men confounds the theories of those persons who are always preaching the unerring virtue of political pulls in our country. The political favorites are sandwiched in between the Lawtons. Lawtons we must have to do the actual leading, whether they are the relatives of Senators or not.

His personal appearance was worth more than influence, which he would not have known how to use if he had had it. As a woman put it, this stalwart figure had the air of a man

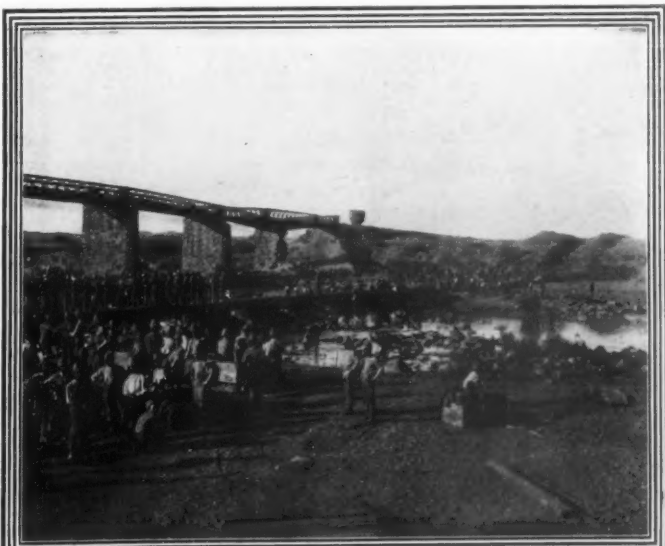
In one sense, the manner of his death was quite worthy, in another sense quite unworthy, of his character. His was not the spirit to have borne with a bad wound which would have enfeebled him for life. For a major-general to be potted in an exchange of shots for which skirmish is too dignified a name is appalling to the military mind. For Lawton to fall while he was passing along his firing line doing the work of a lieutenant was wholly in keeping with Lawton's career. The man who was fond of undergoing the same hardships as his men fell by their side. The brooks had become torrents and the mud was knee-deep that morning. When his position entitled him to be in town, he was out with his men in a drenching storm. The bullet which passed through his body just above the heart, causing instant death, may have been aimed at the rain-coat which he wore or it may have been only a random shot. It was not so out of place that the body of the man who had followed Indian trails on the Western plains, had retained his buoyant spirit in the days of doubt when our army was lying before Santiago, and had made forced marches across muddy dikes and through jungle in Luzon, should have been borne across the stream into San Mateo on the shoulders of his men who were waist-deep in the water. He died without knowing that he was a brigadier in the regular service, but with the satisfaction of knowing that another town of those that he had taken was being garrisoned.

When the terrible news was taken to the wife, she bore it silently, without demonstration. At once she began to prepare her household affairs to return to the States. She asked Lieutenant-Colonel Starr, of the General's staff, to trace on a map the route of all the expeditions made by the commands of his division and send it to her, along with everything relating to him which did not belong to the Government. She asked a friend to take up the work of preparing Christmas presents for the men in the hospitals where she had left it.

Three days before she had been talking with the General on how they would go back to their farm in California and raise oranges for the rest of their lives after this miserable bushwhacking was at an end. In some roving band of insurgents there is a little brown man in cotton shirt and trousers who has ruined her dreams with a tiny nickel-tipped bullet.

"If he could only have fallen as Wyckoff did, as Symons did, doing something worthy of a general," is the universal comment. And that is the aspect of it that sticks in everybody's thoughts.

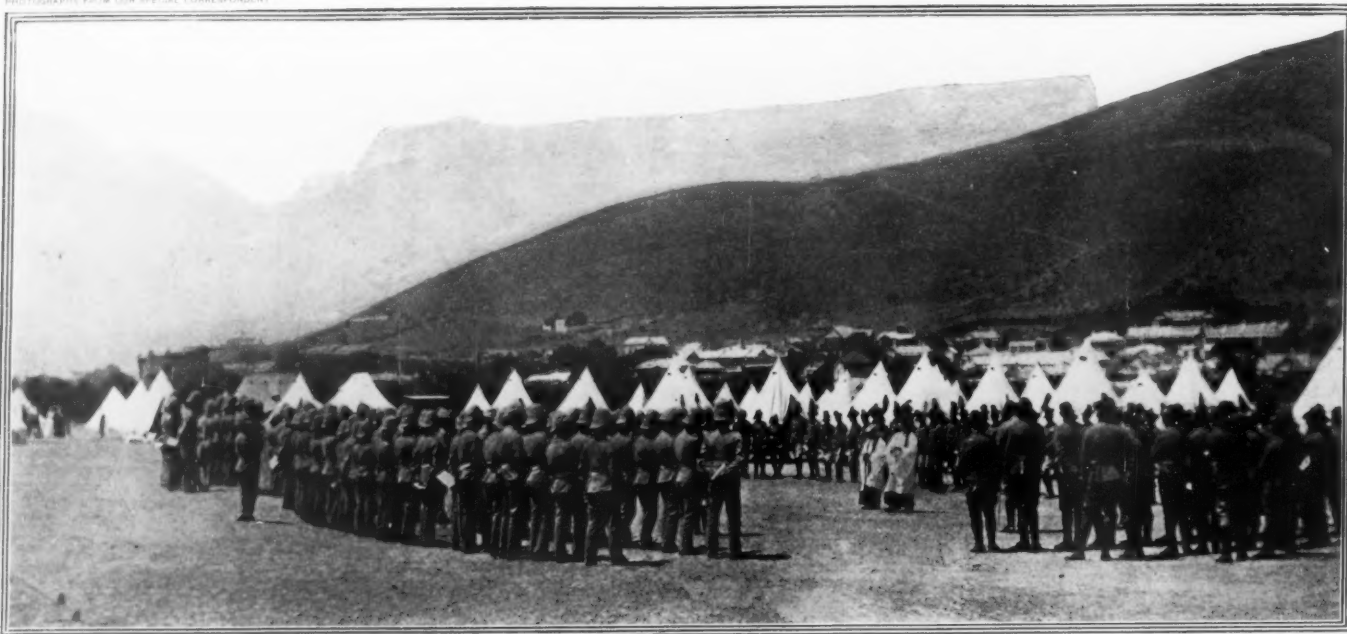
The body, as you know, after a service at the house was taken to Peco Cemetery, to await a formal military funeral and shipment to America.



THE OLD AND NEW BRIDGES OVER THE MODDER RIVER

who can do things. If at the beginning of the war the President had stood the lieutenant-colonels of the army in a row he would have chosen Lawton for a high command just from his looks.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



THE ANGLO-BOER WAR—BRITISH TROOPS ORDERED TO THE FRONT, ATTENDING SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES AT CAPE TOWN

LONDON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

FLEET STREET, just now, seems the *fons et origo* of most South African telegrams. Very few authentic ones come in a proper way to the Downing Street War Office, and people are fighting shy of unofficial communications, which have teemed, latterly, with pseudo-tidings of British triumphs. Everybody feels that a storm is about to burst, and yet, in one sense, there is not at all a calm preceding it. There is much bustle and flurry of departure, however, half London turning out yesterday to break the usual repose of an English Sabbath by roars of tumultuous farewell. The first batch, as it is called, of the Imperial Volunteers marched through town to Nine Elms station, where they took the train for Southampton. Enthusiasm, among their followers, lost its head, and became at times not merely troublesome but epileptic. Positive rough handling went with the impassioned Godspeeds; friends and admirers must be cruel only to be kind; extremes touched, until affection and sympathy threatened brawls rather than embraces. At the Mansion House the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress came forth with a civic party and watched this memorable parade of citizen soldiers. It all has for England an immense meaning, since very probably it saves her to-day from falling back upon the Conscript, which she has always boasted that, unlike the rest of Europe, she has yet failed to inflict upon her people.

By such tokens, if no others, we see how serious this war has grown. The past two or three days have undoubtedly wrought some stern changes. Mr. Balfour's East Manchester speech, excusing himself and whitewashing the Cabinet, has brought upon him a literal tempest of hisses. But this is not all. It has made the entire country recoil from what are suddenly rated as the inhumanity, treachery and selfishness of Mr. Chamberlain. Just now the Colonial Secretary, I should say, is the best hated man in all England. Hardly a day ago it was rumored that he would soon resign. The remarkable part of his abrupt unpopularity is that almost every conservative journal of the least importance has turned against him. But so, for that matter, have they turned against the whole Tory Cabinet.

Sir Charles Dilke has put himself on record as having de-

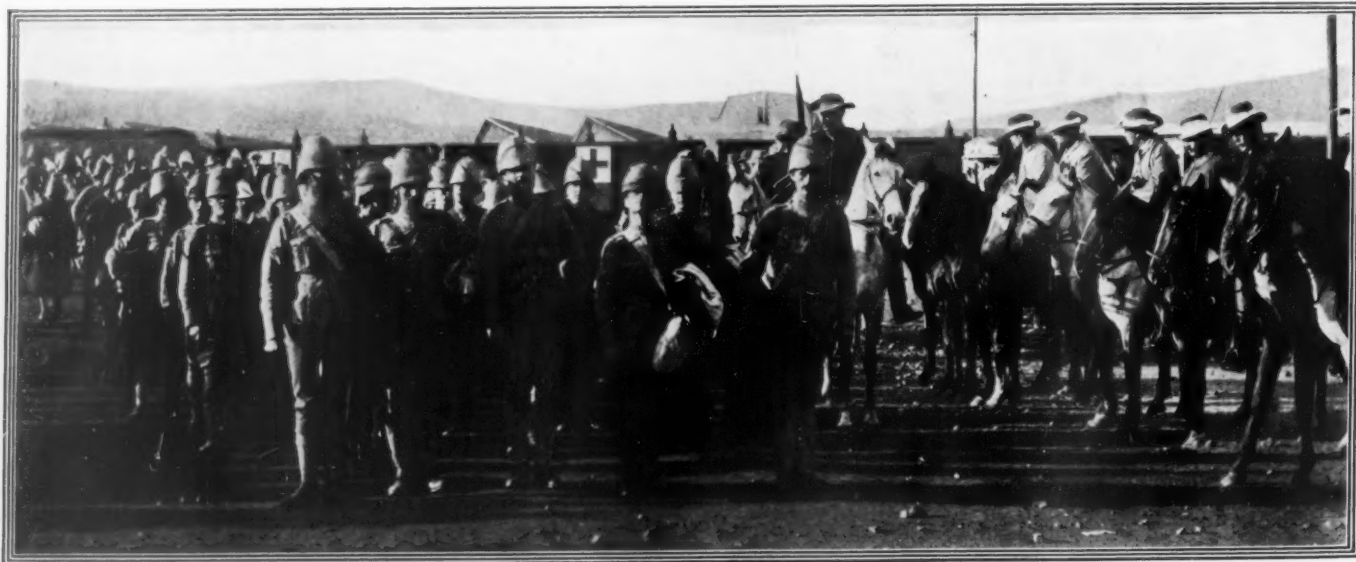
clared that he will ask the House of Commons to deny that ministerial preparations for this war were what Mr. Balfour has termed "sufficient in the state of their knowledge." Assertions are now flying boldly about that the whole present attitude of the reigning Cabinet points to a complete ignorance concerning either the preparedness of the Boers or the Orange Free State's determination to join with them. Questions are scornfully put as to how many maps of an aidful sort were placed in the possession of British generals. Here, we are told, is a more momentous crisis than that which led the Liberal Unionists to abandon Mr. Gladstone a few years ago. Matters may surely be said to have reached a climax of ferment when one of the most Tory newspapers of London talks not only of "repudiating Mr. Balfour and all who associate themselves with his exposition of a government's duty," but adds that now "the choice is between saving a party and saving the empire." Who would have believed six weeks, a month, yes even a fortnight ago, that these words "saving an empire" could have been employed by even the most flamboyant sheet in the kingdom, apart from their deliberate expression by an organ notorious for its anti-Opposition tenets? If Mr. Balfour is a sensitive man he must now be a rather unhappy one. He is everywhere presented as a butt of ridicule, as having said those things most pleasant for the ears of his enemies and most regrettable for those of his friends. "The ghastly fiasco at Magersfontein" he is accused of seeking to condone. Merciless laughter has followed his implied avowal that the Campaign has been furnished with a proper equipment of cavalry and artillery. Scoffs greet him to the effect that much more was known by the Boers about Natal than by the War Office with which England had entrusted its defence. And so on, till one suspects that the heads which serve the Crown lie a good deal more uneasily, just now, than the head which wears it.

You need not be a cynic in order dispassionately to rate all this wild public uproar as rather tasteless and puerile. If crowds have no souls, Lord Palmerston, who made some such affirmation, should have added that they are often equally void of common-sense. The whole land is one shriek to-day against its Ministry, but yesterday, so to speak, its voice was dovelike. Now we hear of the Government having taken "a leap in the dark"; of Mr. Balfour and his fellow-rulers not having known what they were doing; of their having made demands which, if made at all, necessitated war in case of refusal, and yet of their having waited for war to begin before they got ready to face it. But do not such charges, however true, reflect upon those who prefer them? Were not the warnings of Sir William Butler as to the Boers' underrated forces contemned by

thousands who now hurl blame upon the Westminster tactics? Is it not the old story of an angered nation retold once again? No modern war is ever waged unless the people cry for it; but the people, in crying for war really mean victory, and like the complex and colossal child they are, when defeat comes to them instead they pull wry faces, they break into reckless laments. Tennyson clearly understood this whimsical trend when he wrote of "the wild mob's million feet," and of how they would kick from his place a political offender who should too rashly incense them. Even if the Boers held their own despite this new tremendous influx of troops and every resource of military prowess which Lords Roberts and Kitchener could bring to bear upon them, England is too collected, too self-guarded, too sedate, ever to indulge those savage tumults of feeling begotten by Sedan. But hysteria might still be expected of her, and hysteria is inimic to either logic or wisdom. Would it be wrong to suggest that her present fiercely condemning mood is touched if not tainted by this perilous and lurid spell?

We are now told that a grave error has long existed as to the meaning of franchise in the Transvaal. It is not true that there, as here in England, a person must be naturalized in order to obtain franchise. The British require a residence of five years in their country, the payment of about six pounds in fees, and because of disfranchising Registration Laws two years longer before receiving actual citizenship on the electoral rolls. Now the Transvaal government, as cannot be denied, offered to curtail this seven years' period and reduce it to one of five years, provided it could secure a promise of non-molestation from the money-seeking hordes which had overrun Johannesburg and neighboring districts. No such promise was obtainable. And yet, until the Ultimatum engendered war, any Briton who wished to become naturalized in the Transvaal could reach his object on wheels exceptionally oiled. Two years were, in the first place, sufficient. After another two years he became entitled to a vote in the Dutch House of Commons. Having spent five years longer in the Republic, he could vote for the First Rood—a congress of senatorial magistrates, which corresponds with the House of Lords here. This condition of things, it is vehemently claimed by persons who profess to hold the most authoritative knowledge, has been persistently concealed throughout Great Britain. Both political parties have endeavored to keep it from transpiring, and only of late the realization has been spread abroad that the Transvaal privileges of franchise were for years more essentially liberal than those accorded by the English.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



PRISONERS OF WAR—THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS ARRIVING AT THE RAILWAY STATION, PRETORIA, NOVEMBER 8

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF



UNITED STATES OBSERVATORY IN THE QUAI D'ORSAY



THE BIG TELESCOPE AT THE PALAIS DE L'OPTIQUE



SACKS OF GOLD ORE FOR THE TRANSVAAL MINE, TRANSVAAL SECTION



A TYPICAL BOER FARMHOUSE IN THE TRANSVAAL SECTION

PROGRESS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

PARIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

LESS THAN three months separate us from the opening day of the Exposition, and there is yet an enormous amount of work to be done. But everything will be good and ready, say the Commissioner-General and the architects, even if they add, in an undertone, "though we may have to use wood instead of brick and plaster instead of stone." This is precisely what they will have to do in some instances, if they expect to be on time. Take the Alexander III. bridge and the Champs Elysée palaces. All the Republic's horses and all the Republic's men would fail to complete these edifices by April 15 in exact accordance with the original plans. Stucco moldings must therefore be temporarily substituted for stone carvings, and on the Alexander bridge, more particularly, a number of the bronze ornaments will really consist of disguised plaster casts. This latter modification is due to a recent mishap in the bronze foundry of the Rue Chazelles, where a fire seems to have played sad havoc with some of the finest decorative castings destined for the bridge.

So far we have been in the building phase. The time is rapidly approaching when "the filling" will be added. Madagascar will probably be the first to send her exhibit, unless Captain Mackenzie with his good ship the *Prairie* should manage to complete his second trip across the Atlantic earlier than expected. The Malagassy caravan, which left the island a few days ago, will be a most picturesque feature of the Exposition. It comprises native musicians, dancing girls, wild beasts, snakes, and so forth, and will constitute a veritable Midway Pleasure all by itself. It appears that the departure of the travellers from Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, was the occasion of a great outpouring of the people, who accompanied them in a long winding procession to the coast, wishing them Godspeed and chanting weird anthems to keep away ill fortune and evil spirits.

I think the event will fully bear me out when I say that of all the features of the Paris Exposition none will attract more attention than the Transvaal section. One of the reasons is obvious; namely, the present prominence of the two South

African republics. Another reason is that this section will present the visitor with a most vivid picture of the actual bone of contention itself—the gold mines of the Transvaal—without the existence of which the Boer farmers of the veldt would to-day be quietly attending to their daily affairs instead of struggling for their independence against the whole power of the British Empire. COLLIER'S WEEKLY has already published a photograph of the Transvaal Government building, which forms an integral part of the section. I now present photographs of the Boer farmer's cabin immediately adjoining the former, the entrance to the artificial gold mine and the heap of sacks recently arrived from Johannesburg containing the eight hundred tons of gold quartz with which said mine is to be provided.

I understand from Consul-General Pierson of the South African Republic, who is also the chief commissioner for the Transvaal section, that his government is anxious to avoid creating the impression that Transvaal national life begins and ends with the mining industry. Therefore, fully as much, if not more, space will be devoted in this section to an exposition of open-air occupations on the veldt—agriculture, the chase, stockraising, and the public services. Above all things, attention will be called to the efforts made by the government to encourage the national industries, and to contribute thus to the general progress and development of the community.

However, the sightseeing public, as I have already said, will be more interested in the workings of the artificial mine—the view of the subterranean gallery a thousand feet long, the walls of which are of solid gold quartz; the ore-crushing machines, the cyanide process in full operation, the assaying room, and the many other operations connected with the extraction of the much-coveted yellow metal. Among the interesting exhibits in this section will be a very complete mineralogical museum, with models of the Witwatersrand region prepared by the leading engineers and experts of the country. All this will put into the shade even the interesting interior of the Boer farmhouse, with its quaint bread oven, its chairs with leather thong seats, its harmonium, and last, but not least, the quaint Dutch *Statenbijbel* or Holy Scriptures, indispensable to every Boer household.

As regards the special attractions of the Exposition, due to private enterprise and independent of the various government sections, they can be summed up in the main as follows: I will say, parenthetically, that numerous schemes and plans

which received wide attention from the press of both hemispheres have been rejected as unfeasible, undesirable, or for various reasons unacceptable. We may head the revised list with the big telescope, already installed in the Palais de l'Optique, as my photograph shows, and the great celestial globe; then comes the Tour du Monde, a marvellous panorama at the foot of the Eiffel Tower; the Voyages Animés by the Pont de Jena, which produce the effect of a trip in a steamboat along an extended coastline; the panoramas of the French Congo, of Madagascar, and of a trip across the Atlantic Ocean; the cinéorama; the now famous Swiss village by the Grande Rue; the Egyptian Palace; Vieux Paris, etc., etc. Besides this, the Cours la Reine, which runs along the river banks between the Place de la Concorde and the Pont des Invalides, will contain a most marvellous assortment of small theatres, side shows and popular entertainments, such as La Ronlotte, Les Bonshommes Guillaume, La Maison du Rire, Le Grand Guignol, La Tour du Merveilleux, and Les Tableaux Vivants.

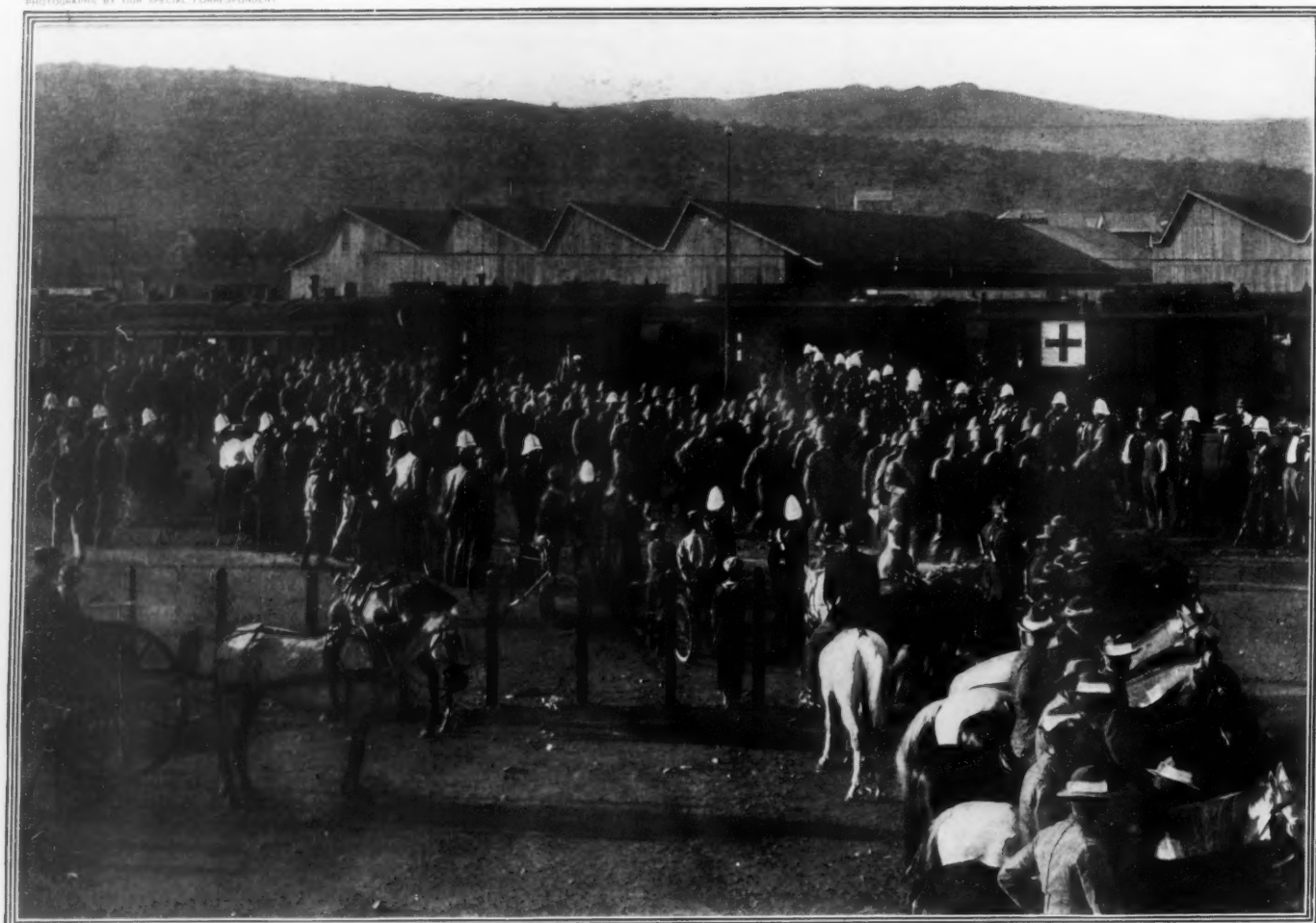
A curious Exposition feature is the Panorama which undertakes to give you the illusion of a voyage round the world. The execution is very ingenious. You mount on a very real-looking ship, which pitches and rolls as every well-conducted ship should do, and you take a real deck-chair and are served refreshments by a very real-looking deck steward.

For a little while after starting you have all the illusion of being far out at sea with wide ocean-spaces in front and all round, and the wind whistling through the rigging. Then suddenly a coast-line comes to view. You are in the blue bay of Naples, and you pass close by the shore and see how the city of lively laziness looks from the water. More open sea, and you pass through the islands of the Aegean Sea, jewels in a perfect setting of sapphire water and deep-blue sky. Then down through the Suez Canal, with the strange life on its banks to admire; and so on till you have visited India, China, Australia, America, and are back in France, having made the Tour of the World in just two hours and a half.

These are only the principal side-show attractions of the great Exposition; the smaller attractions, such as the national restaurants and the more or less exotic side shows, will number legion; for this is the last exposition France will ever have, say the wisecracks, and they propose to make money while it lasts.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



BRITISH PRISONERS, CAPTURED BY THE BOERS AT NICHOLSON'S NEK, ARRIVING AT THE RAILWAY STATION IN PRETORIA

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY JULIAN RALPH

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE BRITISH ARMY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY
MODDER RIVER BATTLEFIELD, DEC. 21

WE ARE NOT ONLY making history here but we are educating Europe. Gettysburg had to give way to Gravelotte, and now Gravelotte has sunk its prestige behind Magersfontein. I have now witnessed all Lord Methuen's battles—Belmont, Grasspan, Modder River and Magersfontein—and can assure you that each one was as near to being an example of hell transferred to earth as anything which modern man can produce. In the first two battles it was the hills which turned themselves into cloudbursts of ball and shell. None except Anglo-Saxon troops (and, perhaps, the Russians) would have attempted to give battle to a foe in such positions, but, by absolutely reckless valor, the British went at the hills and climbed them like flies or gnats, heedless of the ropes of ball that tore their ranks to pieces. They rose and surged over the hills like waves and drove the Boers before them with the irresistible impulse of their amazing courage. These were experimental battles, with the newest arms in use on both sides; but they taught Christendom very little, because the English succeeded. The moral and lesson of modern warfare was hidden under the fact that the English did the impossible thing. However, the Boers learned a great deal, and in the next two fights they taught the thoughtful and scientific soldiers of Europe things which they are pondering in surprise. The Boers abandoned the kopjes from which they had so fearfully massacred the British twenty years ago, and took to trenches in the earth—trenches no enemy could see—trenches fringed with verdure which blended with foliage behind them—trenches always connected by runways, sluices or hidden bridle-paths by which reinforcements and fresh ammunition could be fed to the trenches as such were needed.

This was how we found them at Modder River, and I believe I am correct in saying that we do not know why they

ever vacated that position. When we took it and examined it we saw that all the regulars and reservists of England could not have taken the place by frontal attack. The Boers retired for one of two reasons: either they heard the shouts of four hundred of our men who got across the river, and imagined a great force of us was coming at their rear, or (and this is more likely) they retired because they had done us all the damage they could, night was falling, and they feared a bayonet attack in the dark, and they had a still stronger and better position to which to retire. Those are always the Boer's tactics—to fight like a snake in the grass or behind rocks, to do all the damage he can, and to run away to a better place when he fears he might suffer injury if he remained.

But I am not discussing Boer tactics. I am explaining some of the wonders of the first war in which the latest appliances have been used on both sides for the first time. What the British are employing they used at Omdurman, but that was not a war or a battle; it was primarily a triumph of organization ending in a slaughter. The genius at Omdurman was with the British and the bravery was with the Dervishes. But here the British are in the place of the Dervishes, except that they as well as the Boers have the latest appliances. When we got to Magersfontein we saw what this means. To be sure, we sent our Highland Brigade forward in pitch-black night, in quarter-column formation, and suddenly the earth cracked open, and from the rift, six miles long, there

his emperor in his heart would have ever given the command to "rush" the Boer position.

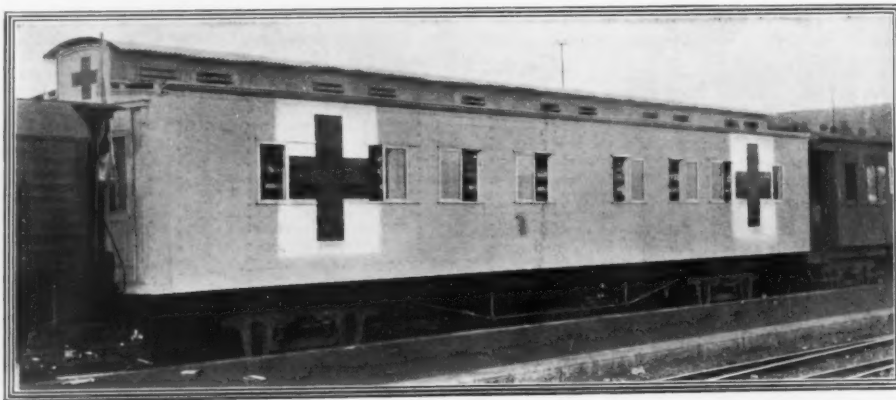
The old military schoolbooks teach that to capture men in a strong intrenchment requires three times as many men on the open ground. That, however, was written before the days of smokeless powder and magazine rifles. To-day it would probably require eight or ten times as strong an attacking force to carry such trenches. The moral of this situation at Magersfontein is, then, that if modern men take up such a position the attacking force must turn it—must flank it or surround it. If this is impossible, then what must they do? Hammer their swords into plowshares, apparently, carry olive branches instead of rifles, and go home and look after the babies. I do not say that Methuen could or could not have circumvented the Boers at Magersfontein. I am under martial law and a promise not to criticise. I am one of those crippled, gagged and bound creatures—a war correspondent under modern censorship.

Look at this war from another standpoint. Do you know that the British are fighting an invisible enemy? Do you realize that on one day we attack a hill of flame sending out death in streams with no more appearance of human agency than there is behind the spray that falls on your head from your shower bath? And two days later we fight a crack in the earth that vomits shot as if the invisible Devil and all his unseeable imps were hurling molten metal at us?

We do not see any Boers when we are fighting them. If you told Tommy Atkins that there are no Boers and that he is fighting a vapor or an essence invented by Edison, he would have as much reason to believe you as he does to believe that he is fighting men.

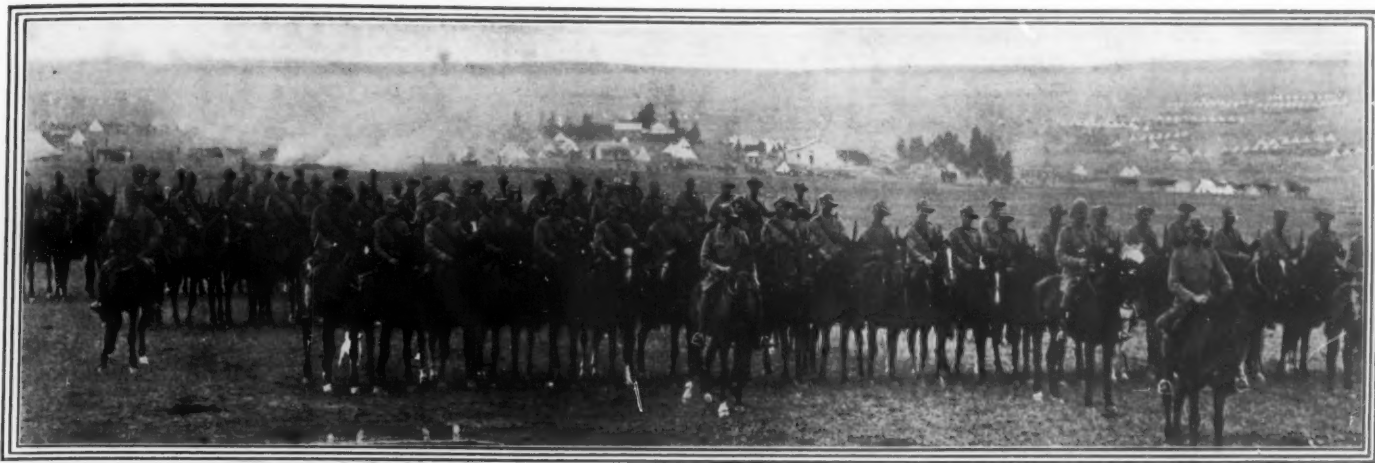
I have seen a few Boers. I am one of the few men who ran up the big kopje at Belmont on the heels of the Grenadiers and saw the Boers leaping on their horses and into their Cape carts and getting away. Again at Grasspan we suddenly saw a lot of Boers run along a ridge, against the skyline, in making their retreat. At Modder River some of us saw an impudent 1,500 of them appear at the far right of our line for a few minutes before our mounted infantry chased them away, but they were not engaged in the main battle.

We never see and never have seen the Boers when we are fighting them. "I saw two," I heard a colonel say, "and I killed one of them." "I believe I have seen perhaps six in the course of the campaign," a major told me. That is a thing to think about in connection with modern warfare. We have to fight an invisible enemy, as unseen as his smokeless powder, as indistinguishable in the atmosphere as his millions of balls and explosive bullets.



AMBULANCE TRAIN BUILT BY THE BOERS AT THE PRETORIA RAILWAY WORKS

was spewed a hell's tempest of rifle fire such as not even the Scotch could stand before. The principal event of the battle was that awful trap, surprise and carnage. But the moral of the situation is not affected by that, because, had we marched in frontal attack upon that position in broad daylight, we could not have taken it. England has not got infantry enough to take it. Germany's immense forces of infantry could have done it, but it would have been accomplished at such a fearful cost of life that no sober general with the fear of his God and



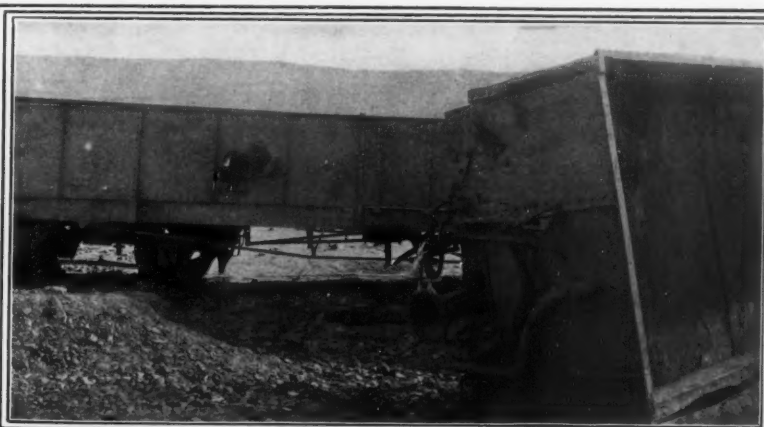
A COMPANY OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE LEAVING FRERE CAMP ON A RECONNOISSANCE



THE POST-OFFICE AT FRERE CAMP



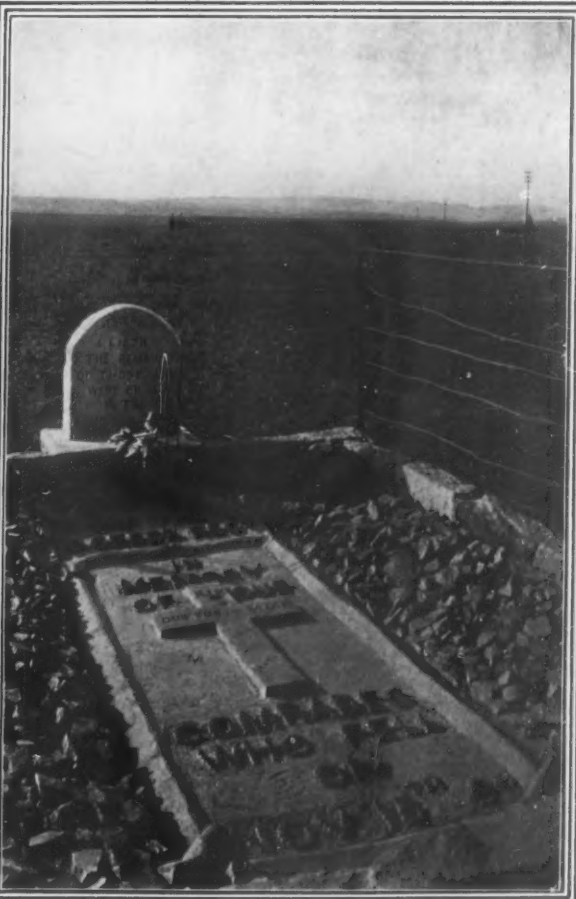
BOER PRISONERS AT FRERE CAMP



WRECK OF THE ARMORED TRAIN DERAILED AT CHIEVELEY, NOV. 15



THE NEW TRESTLE CONSTRUCTED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS AT FRERE, IN PLACE OF THE WRECKED BRIDGE



GRAVES OF VICTIMS OF ARMORED TRAIN DISASTER, NOV. 15. THE LETTERS ARE FORMED WITH EMPTY CARTRIDGES

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

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MY AUNT'S EXCURSION

By RICHARD MARSH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

AUTHOR OF "THE BEETLE: A MYSTERY"; "CURIOS: SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TWO BACHELORS," ETC., ETC.

THOMAS FOGARTY



THOMAS," observed my aunt as she entered the room, "I have taken you by surprise."

She had. Hamlet could scarcely have been more surprised at the appearance of the ghost of his father. I had supposed that she was in the wilds of Cornwall. She glanced at the table at which I had been seated.

"What are you doing?—having your breakfast?"

I perceived, from the way in which she used her glasses, and the marked manner in which she paused, that she considered the hour an uncanonical one for such a meal. I retained some fragments of my presence of mind.

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that I was at work a little late last night, and, this morning, I find myself with a trifling headache."

"Then a holiday will do you good."

I agreed with her. I never saw an occasion on which I felt that it would not.

"I shall be only too happy to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by your unexpected presence to relax, for a time, the strain of my curriculum of studies. May I hope, my dear aunt, that you propose to stay with me at least a month?"

"I return to-night."

"To-night! When did you come?"

"This morning."

"From Cornwall?"

"From Lostwithiel. An excursion left Lostwithiel shortly after midnight, and returns again at midnight to-day, thus giving fourteen hours in London for ten shillings. I resolved to take advantage of the occasion, and to give some of my poorer neighbors, who had never even been as far as Plymouth in their lives, a glimpse of some of the sights of the Great City. Here they are—I filled a compartment with them. There are nine."

There were nine—and they were about the most miscellaneous looking nine I ever saw. I had wondered what they meant by coming with my aunt into my sitting-room. Now, if anything, I wondered rather more. She proceeded to introduce them individually—not by any means by name only.



MRS. PENNA

"This is John Eva. He is eighty-two, and slightly deaf. Good gracious, man, don't stand there shuffling, with your back against the wall; sit down somewhere, do. This is Mrs. Penna, sixty-seven, and a little lame. I believe you're eating peppermints again. I told you, Mrs. Penna, that I can't stand the odor, and I can't. This is her grandson, Stephen Treen, aged nine. He cried in the train."

My aunt shook her finger at Stephen Treen, in an admonitory fashion, which bade fair, from the look of him, to cause an immediate renewal of his sorrows.

"This is Matthew Holman, a converted drunkard, who has been the worst character in the parish. But we are hoping better things of him now." Matthew Holman grinned, as if he was not certain that the hope was mutual. "This is Jane, and this is Ellen, two maids of mine. They are good girls, in their way, but stupid. You will have to keep your eye upon them, or they will lose themselves the very first chance they get." I was not amazed, as I glanced in their direction, to perceive that Jane and Ellen blushed.

"This," went on my aunt, and into her voice there came a sort of awful dignity, "is Daniel Dyer. I believe that he kissed Ellen in a tunnel."

"Please, ma'am," cried Ellen, and her manner bore the hall-mark of truth, "it wasn't me, and that I'm sure."

"Then it was Jane—which does not alter the case in the least." In saying this, it seemed to me that, from Ellen's point of view, my aunt was illogical. "I am not certain that I ought to have brought him with us; but, since I have, we



MY AUNT

must make the best of it. I only hope that he will not kiss young women while he is in the streets with me."

I also hoped, in the privacy of my own breast, that he would not kiss young women while he was in the streets with me—at least, while it remained broad day.

"This," continued my aunt, leaving Daniel Dyer buried in the depths of confusion, and Jane on the verge of tears, "is Sammy Trevenna, the parish idiot. I brought him, trusting that the visit would tend to sharpen his wits, and, at the same time, teach him the difference which exists between right and wrong. You will have, also, to keep an eye upon Sammy. I regret to say that he is addicted to picking and stealing. Sammy, where is the address card which I gave you?"

Sammy—who looked his character, every inch of it!—was a lanky, shambling youth, apparently eighteen or nineteen years old. He fumbled in his pockets.

"I've lost it," he sniggered.

"I thought so. That is the third you have lost since we started. Here is another. I will pin it to your coat; then, when you are lost, some one will be able to understand who you are. Last, but not least, Thomas, this is Mr. Poltifen. Although this is his first visit to London, he has read a great deal about the Great Metropolis. He has brought a few books with him, from which he proposes to read selections, at various points in our peregrinations, bearing upon the sights which we are seeing, in order that instruction may be bleuded with our entertainment."

Mr. Poltifen was a short, thickset individual, with that in his appearance which was suggestive of pugnacity, an iron-gray, scrubby beard, and a pair of spectacles—probably something superior in the cobbling line. He had about a dozen books fastened together in a leather strap, among them being—as, before the day was finished, I had good reason to be aware—a history of London in seven volumes.

"Mr. Poltifen," observed my aunt, waving her hand toward the gentleman referred to, "represents, in our party, the quality of intelligent interest."

Mr. Poltifen settled his glasses on his nose and glared at me as if he dared me to deny it. Nothing could have been further from my mind.

"Sammy," exclaimed my aunt, "sit still. How many times have I to request you not to shuffle?"

Sammy was rubbing his knees together in a fashion the like of which I had never seen before. When he was addressed he drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and he sniggered. I felt that he was the sort of youth any one would have been glad to show round town.

My aunt took a sheet of paper from her handbag.

"This is the outline programme we have drawn up. We have, of course, the whole day in front of us, and I have jotted down the names of some of the more prominent places of interest which we wish to see." She began to read. "The Tower Bridge, the Tower of London, Woolwich Arsenal, the National Gallery, British Museum, South Kensington Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Zoological Gardens, Kew Gardens, Greenwich Hospital, Westminster Abbey, the Albert Memorial, the Houses of Parliament, the Monument, the Marble Arch, the Bank of England, the Thames Embankment, Billingsgate Fish Market, Covent Garden Market, the Meat Market, some of the birthplaces of famous persons, some of the scenes mentioned in Charles Dickens's novels—during the winter we had a lecture in the schoolroom on Charles Dickens's London; it aroused great interest—and the Courts of Justice. And we should like to finish up at the Crystal Palace. We should like to hear any suggestions you would care to make which would tend to alteration or improvement—only, I may observe, that we are desirous of reaching the Crystal Palace as early in the day as possible, as it is there we propose to have our midday meal." I had always been aware that my aunt's practical knowledge of London was but slight, but I had never realized how slight until that moment.

"Our provisions we have brought with us. Each person has a meat patty, a potato patty, a jam patty, and an apple patty, so that all we shall require will be water."

This explained the small brown paper parcel which each member of the party was dangling by a string.

"And you propose to consume this—little provision at the Crystal Palace, after visiting these other places?" My aunt inclined her head. I took the sheet of paper from which she had been reading. "May I ask how you propose to get from place to place?"

"Well, Thomas, that is the point. I have made myself re-

sponsible for the entire charge, so I would wish to keep down expenses. We should like to walk as much as possible."

"If you walk from Woolwich Arsenal to the Zoological Gardens, and from the Zoological Gardens to Kew Gardens, you will walk as far as possible—and rather more."

Something in my tone seemed to cause a shadow to come over my aunt's face.

"How far is it?"

"About fourteen or fifteen miles. I have never walked it myself, you understand, so the estimate is a rough one."

I felt that this was not an occasion on which it was necessary to be over-particular as to a yard or so.

"So much as that? I had no idea it was so far. Of course, walking is out of the question. How would a van do?"

"A what?"

"A van. One of those vans in which, I understand, children go for treats. How much would they charge, now, for one which would hold the whole of us?"

"I haven't the faintest notion, aunt. Would you propose to go in a van to all these places?" I motioned toward the sheet of paper. She nodded. "I have never, you understand, done this sort of thing in a van, but I imagine that the kind of vehicle you suggest, with one pair of horses, to do the entire round would take about three weeks."

"Three weeks! Thomas!"

"I don't pretend to literal accuracy, but I don't believe that I'm far wrong. No means of locomotion with which I am acquainted will enable you to do it in a day, of that I'm certain. I've been in London since my childhood, but I've never yet had time to see one-half the things you've got down upon this sheet of paper."

"Is it possible?"

"It's not only possible, it's fact. You country folk have no notion of London's vastness."

"Stupendous!"

"It is stupendous. Now, when would you like to reach the Crystal Palace?"



STEPHEN TREEN

"Well, not later than four. By then we shall be hungry."

I surveyed the nine.

"It strikes me that some of you look hungry now. Aren't you hungry?"

I spoke to Sammy. His face was eloquent.

"I be famished."

I do not attempt to reproduce the dialect: I am no dialectician. I merely reproduce the sense; that is enough for me. The lady whom my aunt had spoken of as "Mrs. Penna, sixty-seven, and a little lame," agreed with Sammy.

"So be I. I be fit to drop, I be."

On this subject there was a general consensus of opinion—they all seemed fit to drop. I was not surprised. My aunt was surprised instead.

"You each of you had a treacle-pasty in the train."

"What be a treacle-pasty?"

I was disposed to echo Mrs. Penna's query—what be a treacle-pasty? My aunt struck me as really cutting the thing a little too fine.

"You finish your pasties now—when we get to the Palace I'll see that you have something to take their place. That shall be my part of the treat."

My aunt's manner was distinctly severe—especially considering that it was a party of pleasure.

"Before we started it was arranged exactly what provision would have to be sufficient. I do not wish to encroach upon your generosity, Thomas—nothing of the kind."

"Never mind, aunt—that'll be all right. You tuck into your pasties."

They tucked into their pasties—with a will. Aunt had some breakfast with me—poor soul, she stood in need of it!—and we discussed the arrangements for the day.

"Of course, my dear aunt, this programme of yours is out of the question—altogether. We'll just do a round on a 'bus, and then it'll be time to start for the Palace."

"But, Thomas, they will be so disappointed—and, considering how much it will cost me, we shall seem to be getting so little for the money."

"My dear aunt, you will have had enough by the time you get back, I promise you."

My promise was more than fulfilled; they had had good measure, pressed down and running over.

The first part of our programme took the form, as I had suggested, of a ride on a 'bus. Our advent in the Strand—my rooms are in the Adelphi—created a sensation. I fancy the general impression was that we were a party of lunatics whom I was personally conducting. That my aunt was one of them I do not think that any one doubted. The way in which she worried and scurried and fussed and flurried was sufficient to convey that idea.

It is not every 'bus which has room for eleven passengers. We could not line up on the curbstone, it would have been to impede the traffic. And as my aunt would not hear of a division of forces, as we sauntered along the pavement we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The "parish idiot" would insist on hanging on to the front of every shop-window, necessitating his being dragged away by the collar of his jacket. Jane and Ellen glued themselves together arm in arm, sniggering at anything and everything—especially when Daniel Dyer digged them in the ribs from behind. Mrs. Penna, proving herself to be a good deal more than a little lame, had to be hauled along by my aunt on one side, and by Mr. Holman, the "converted drunkard," on the other. That Mr. Holman did not enjoy his position I felt convinced from the way in which, every now and then, he jerked the poor old soul completely off her feet. With her other hand my aunt gripped Master Treen by the hand, he keeping his mouth as wide open as he possibly could; his little trick of continually looking behind him resulting in collisions with most of the persons, and lamp-posts, he chanced to encounter. The

deaf Mr. Eva brought up the rear with Mr. Poltifen and his strap full of books, that gentleman favoring him with totally erroneous scraps of information, which he was, fortunately, quite unable to hear.

We had reached Newcastle Street before we found a 'bus which contained the requisite amount of accommodation. Then, when I hailed one which was nearly empty, the party boarded it. Somewhat to my surprise, scarcely any one wished to go outside. Mrs. Penna, of course, had to be lifted into the interior, where Jane and Ellen joined her—I fancy that they fought shy of the ladder-like staircase—followed by Daniel Dyer, in spite of my aunt's protestations. She herself went next, dragging with her Master Treen, who wanted to go outside, but was not allowed, and, in consequence, was moved to tears. Messrs. Eva, Poltifen, Holman and I were the only persons who made the ascent; and, the conductor having indulged in some sarcastic comments on things in general, and my aunt's protégés in particular, which nearly drove me to commit assault and battery, the 'bus was started.

We had not gone far before I had reason to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Holman's conversion. Drawing the back of his hand across his lips he remarked to Mr. Eva:

"It do seem as if this were going to be a thirsty job. Tain't my notion of a holiday—"

I repeat that I make no attempt to imitate the dialect. Perceiving himself addressed, Mr. Eva put his hand up to his ear.

"Beg pardon—what were that you said?"

"I say that I be perishing for something to drink. I be faint for want of it. What's a day's pleasure if you don't never have a chance to moisten your lips?"

Although this was said in a tone of voice which caused the foot-passengers to stand and stare, the driver to start round in his seat as if he had been struck, and the conductor to come up to inquire if anything was wrong, it failed to penetrate Mr. Eva's tympanum.



AS FOGARTY.

MATTHEW HOLMAN

let's get inside the station; we can't stop here; people will wonder who we are."

"Thomas, we will wait here for Matthew Holman. I am responsible for that man."

"Certainly, my dear aunt; but if we remain on the precise spot on which we are at present planted we shall be prosecuted for obstruction. If you will go into the station I will bring him to you there."

"Where are you going to take us now?"

"To the Crystal Palace."

"But—we have seen nothing of London."

"You'll see more of it when you get to the Palace. It's a wonderful place, full of the most stupendous sights; their due examination will more than occupy all the time you have to spare."

Having hustled them into the station, I went in search of Mr. Holman. "The converted drunkard" was really enjoying himself for the first time. He had already disposed of four threepennyworths of rum, and was draining the last as I came in.

"Now, sir, if you was so good as to loan me another shilling I shouldn't wonder if I was to have a nice day after all."

"I dare say. We'll talk about that later on. If you don't want to be lost in London you'll come with me at once."

I scrambled them all into a train; I do not know how. It was a case of cram. Selecting an open carriage, I divided the party among the different compartments. My aunt objected; but it had to be. By the time that they were all in my brow was damp with perspiration. I looked around. Some of our fellow-passengers wore ribbons, about eighteen inches wide, and other mysterious things; already, at that hour of the day, they were lively. The crowd was not what I expected.

"Is there anything on at the Palace?" I inquired of my neighbor. He laughed, in a manner which was suggestive.

"Anything on? What ho! Where are you come from? Why, it's the Foresters' Day. It's plain that you're not one of us. More shame to you, sonny; here's a chance for you to join."

Foresters' Day! I gasped. I saw trouble ahead. I began to think that I had made a mistake in tearing off to the Crystal Palace in search of solitude. I had expected a desert, in which my aunt's friends would have plenty of room to knock their heads against anything they pleased. But Foresters' Day! Was it eighty or a hundred thousand people who were wont to assemble on that occasion? I remembered to have seen the figures somewhere. The ladies and gentlemen about us wore an air of such conviviality that one wondered to what heights they would attain as the day wore on.

We had a delightful journey. It occupied between two and three hours—or so it seemed to me. When we were not hanging on to platforms, we were being shunted, or giving the engine a rest, or something of the kind. I know we were stopping most of the time. But the Foresters, male and female, kept things moving—if the train stood still. They sang songs, comic and sentimental; played on various musical instruments, principally concertinas; whistled; paid each other compliments; and so on. Jane and Ellen were in the next compartment to mine; as usual, glued together; how those two girls managed to keep stuck to each other was a marvel. Next to



JANE AND ELLEN

"What be that?" the old gentleman observed. "It do seem as if I were more deaf than usual."

I touched Mr. Holman on the shoulder.

"All right—leave him alone. I'll see that you have what you want when we get down; only don't try to make him understand while we're on this 'bus."

"Thank you kindly, sir. There's no denying that a taste of rum would do me good. John Eva, he be terrible hard of hearing—terrible; and the old girl she ain't a notion of what's fit for a man."

How much the insides saw of London I cannot say. I doubt if any one on the roof saw much. In my anxiety to light on one with room I had not troubled about the destination of the 'bus. As, however, it proved to be bound for London Bridge, I had an opportunity to point out St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, and similar places. I cannot say that my hearers seemed much struck by the privileges they were enjoying. When the vehicle drew up in the station yard, Mr. Holman pointed with his thumb:

"There be a public over there."

I admitted that there was.

"Here's a shilling for you—mind you're quickly back. Perhaps Mr. Poltifen would like to come with you."

Mr. Poltifen declined.

"I am a teetotaler. I have never touched alcohol in any form."

I felt that Mr. Poltifen regarded both myself and my proceedings with austere displeasure. When all had alighted, my aunt, proceeding to number the party, discovered that one was missing; also, who it was.

"Where is Matthew Holman?"

"He's—he's gone across the road to—to see the time."

"To see the time! There's a clock up over the station there. What do you mean?"

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that, feeling thirsty, he has gone to get something to drink."

"To drink! But he signed the pledge on Monday."

"Then, in that case, he's broken it on Wednesday. Come,



THOMAS FOGARTY.

DANIEL DYER

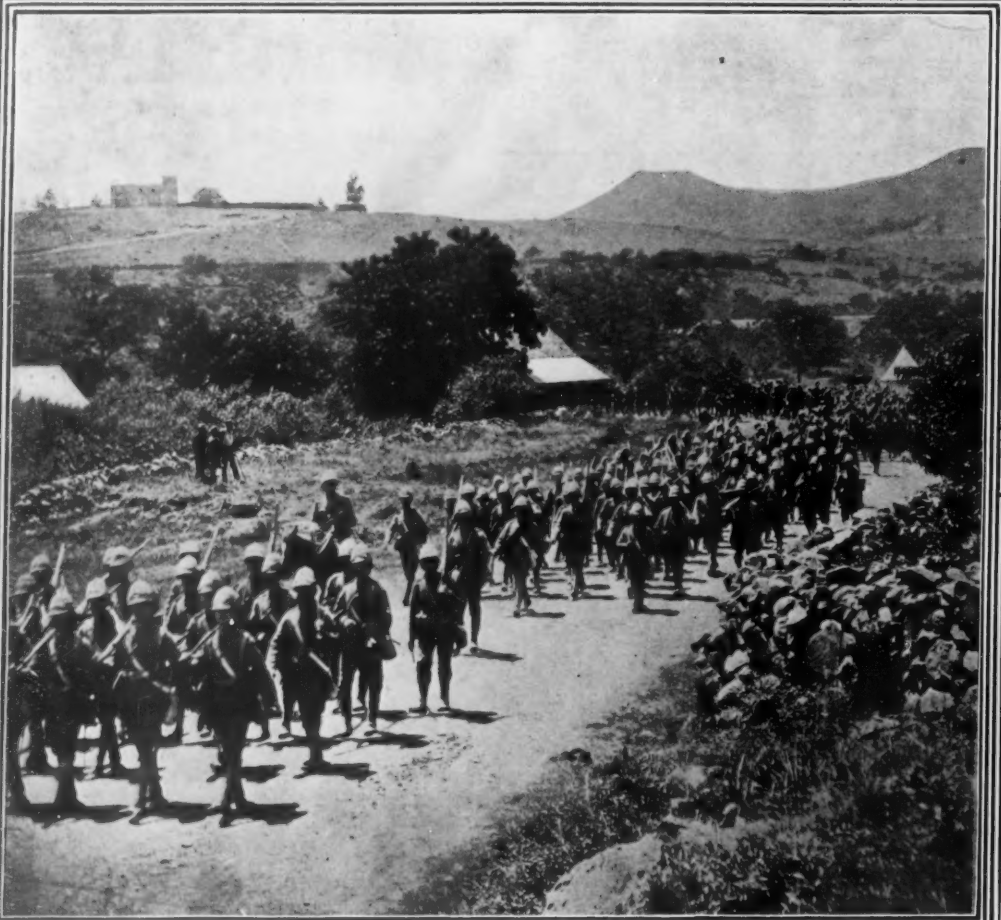
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



THE NAVAL BRIGADE DRILLING NEAR ESTCOURT, NATAL



LORD DUNDONALD'S CAVALRY MOVING T



THE SIXTY-EIGHTH DUBLIN FUSILIERS GOING TO THE FRONT AT COLENZO



GENERAL BULLER AND STAFF WATCHING THE



THE 4.7-INCH GUNS OF THE NAVAL BRIGAD



PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF COLENZO, WHERE THE BOERS DEFEATED GENERAL BULLER'S ARMY WITH A LOSS

FIGHTING IN



VALRY MOVING TO THE FRONT, JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF COLENZO



A FORTY-FIVE-POUNDER IN ACTION



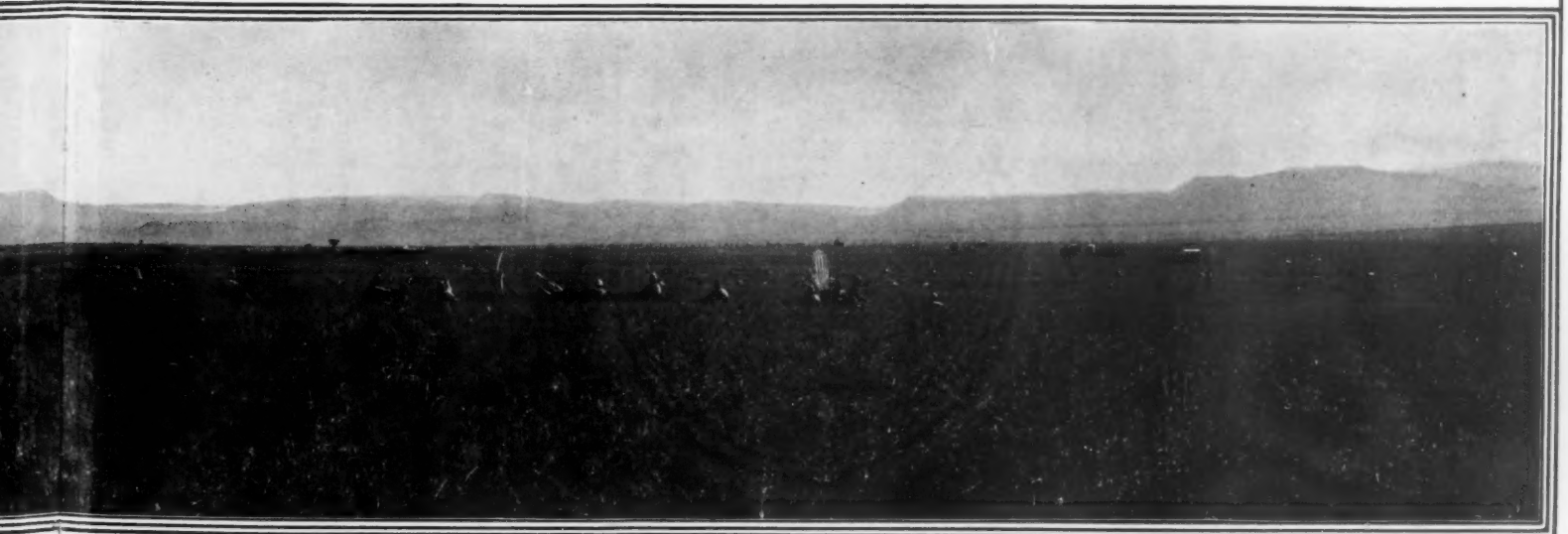
WATCHING THE BATTLE OF COLENZO



THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT ESTCOURT



THE RIFLE BRIGADE PROCEEDING TO THE SCENE OF ACTION AT COLENZO



AY WITH A LOSS OF 1097 MEN AND 11 GUNS, DECEMBER 15, AND FORCED THE BRITISH TO RETIRE TO CHIEVELEY

G IN NATAL

them was the persevering Daniel Dyer. In front was a red-faced gentleman with a bright blue tie—and an eighteen-inch-wide green ribbon. He addressed himself to Mr. Dyer.

"Two nice young ladies you've got there, sir." Judging from what he looked like at the back I should say that Mr. Dyer grinned. Obviously Jane and Ellen tittered; they put their heads together in charming confusion. The red-faced gentleman continued:

"One more than your share, haven't you, sir? You couldn't spare one of them for another gentleman—meaning me?"

"You might have Jane," replied the affable Mr. Dyer.

"And which might happen to be Jane?" Mr. Dyer supplied the information. The red-faced gentleman raised his hat. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss; hope we shall be better friends before the day is over."

My aunt, in the compartment behind, rose in her wrath.

"Daniel Dyer! Jane! How dare you behave in such a manner!"

The red-faced gentleman twisted himself round in his seat.

"Beg pardon, miss—was you speaking to me? If you're alone I dare say there's another gentleman present who'll be willing to oblige. Every young lady ought to have a gent to herself on a day like this. Do me the favor of putting this to your lips; you'll find it's the right stuff."

Taking out a flat bottle, wiping it upon the sleeve of his coat, he offered it to my aunt. She succumbed.

When I found myself a struggling unit in the struggling mass on the Crystal Palace platform, my aunt caught me by the arm.

"Thomas, where have you brought us to?"

"This is the Crystal Palace, aunt."

"The Crystal Palace! It's pandemonium. Where are the members of our party?"

That was the question. My aunt collared such of them as she could lay her hands on. Matthew Holman was missing. Personally, I was not sorry. He had been "putting his lips" to more than one friendly bottle in the compartment behind mine, and was on a fair way to having a "nice day" on lines of his own. I was quite willing that he should have it by himself. But my aunt was not. She was for going at once for the police, and commissioning them to hunt for and produce him then and there.

"I'm responsible for the man," she kept repeating. "I have his ticket."

"Very well, aunt—that's all right. You'll find him, or he'll find you; don't you trouble."

But she did trouble. She kept on troubling. And her cause for trouble grew more and more as the day went on. Before we were in the main building—it's a journey from the low, level station, through endless passages, and up countless stairs, placed at the most inconvenient intervals—Mrs. Penna was *hors de combat*. As no seat was handy, she insisted on sitting down upon the floor. Passers-by made the most disagreeable comments, but she either could not or would not move. My aunt seemed half beside herself. She said to me, most unfairly:

"You ought not to have brought us here on a day like this. It is evident that there are some most dissipated creatures here. I have a horror of a crowd—and with all the members of our party on my hands—such a crowd!"

"How was I to know? I had not the faintest notion that anything particular was on till we were in the train."

"But you ought to have known. You live in London."

"It is true that I live in London. But I do not, on that account, keep an eye on what is going on at the Palace. I have something else to occupy my time. Besides, there is an easy remedy—let us leave the place at once. We might find fewer people in the Tower of London—I was never there, so I can't say—or on the top of the Monument."

"Without Matthew Holman?"

"Personally, I should say yes. He, at any rate, is in congenial company."

"Thomas!"

I wish I could reproduce the tone in which my aunt uttered my name; it would cause the edges of the sheet of paper on which I am writing to curl.

Another source of annoyance was the manner in which the red-faced gentleman persisted in sticking to us, like a limpet—as if he were a member of the party. Jane and Ellen kept themselves glued together. On Ellen's right was Daniel Dyer, and on Jane's left was the red-faced gentleman. This was a condition of affairs of which my aunt strongly disapproved. She remonstrated with the stranger, but without the least effect. I tried my hand on him, and failed. He was the best-tempered and thickest-skinned individual I ever remembered to have met.

"It's this way," I explained—he needed a deal of explanation. "This lady has brought these people for a little pleasure excursion to town, for the day only; and, as these young ladies

are in her sole charge, she feels herself responsible for them. So would you just mind leaving us?"

It seemed that he did mind; though he showed no signs of having his feelings hurt by the suggestion, as some persons might have done.

"Don't you worry, governor; I'll help her look after 'em. I've looked after a few people in my time, so the young lady can trust me—can't you, miss?"

Jane giggled. My impression is that my aunt felt like slaking her. But, just then, I made a discovery.

"Hollo! Where's the youngster?"

My aunt twirled herself round.

"Stephen! Goodness! where has that boy gone to?"

Jane looked through the glass which ran all along one side of the corridor.

"Why, miss, there's Stephen Treen over in that crowd there."

"Go and fetch him back this instant."

I believe that my aunt spoke without thinking. It did seem to me that Jane showed an almost criminal eagerness



MR. POLTIFEN

to obey her. Off she flew into the grounds, through the great door which was wide open close at hand, with Ellen still glued to her arm, and Daniel Dyer at her heels, and the red-faced gentleman after him. Almost in a moment they became melted, as it were, into the crowd, and were lost to view. My aunt peered after them through her glasses.

"I can't see Stephen Treen—can you?"

"No, aunt, I can't. I doubt if Jane could either."

"Thomas! What do you mean? She said she did."

"Ah! there are people who'll say anything. I think you'll find that, for a time, at any rate, you've got three more members of the party off your hands."

"Thomas! How can you talk like that? After bringing us to this dreadful place! Go after those benighted girls at once, and bring them back, and that wretched Daniel Dyer, and that miserable child, and Matthew Holman, too."

It struck me, from her manner, that my aunt was hovering on the verge of hysterics. While I was endeavoring to explain how it was that I did not see my way to start off, then and there, in a sort of general hunt, an official, sauntering up, took a bird's-eye view of Mrs. Penna.

"Hollo, old lady, what's the matter with you?—aren't you well?"

"No, I be not well—I be dying. Take me home, and let me die upon my bed."

"So bad as that, is it? What's the trouble?"

"I've been up all night and all day, and little to eat and naught to drink, and I be lame."

"Lame, are you?" The official turned to my aunt. "You know you didn't ought to bring a lame old lady into a crowd like this."

"I didn't bring her. My nephew brought us all."

"Then the sooner, I should say, your nephew takes you all away again, the better."

The official took himself off. Mr. Poltifen made a remark. His tone was a trifle sour.

"I cannot say that I think we are spending a profitable and pleasurable day in London. I understood that the object which we had in view was to make researches into Dickens' London. Or I should not have brought my books."

The "parish idiot" began to moan.

"I be that hungry—I be! I be!"

"Here," I cried; "here's half a crown for you. Go to that refreshment stall and cram yourself with penny buns to bursting point."

Off started Sammy Trevenna; he had sense enough to catch my meaning. My aunt called after him.

"Sammy! You mustn't leave us! Wait until we come!"

But Sammy declined. When hurrying after him, catching him by the shoulder, she sought to detain him, he positively showed signs of fight.

Oh, it was a delightful day! Enjoyable from start to finish. Somehow I got Mrs. Penna, with my aunt, and the remnant, into the main building, and planted them on chairs, and provided them with buns and similar dainties, and instructed them not, on any pretext, to budge from where they were until I returned with the truants. Whom, straightway, I went in search of. I do not mind admitting that I commenced by paying a visit to a refreshment bar upon my own account—I needed something to support me. Nor, having comforted the inner man, did I press forward on my quest with undue haste. Exactly as I expected, I found Jane and Ellen in a sheltered alcove in the grounds, with Daniel Dyer on one side, the red-faced gentleman on the other, and Master Stephen Treen nowhere to be seen. The red-faced gentleman's friendship with Jane had advanced so rapidly that when I suggested her prompt return to my aunt, he considered himself entitled to object with such vehemence that he actually took his coat off and invited me to fight. But I was not to be browbeaten by him; and, having made it clear that, if he attempted to follow, I should call the police, I marched off in triumph with my prizes. Only to discover that the young women had tongues of their own, with examples of whose capacity they favored me as we proceeded. I believe that if I had been my aunt I should, then and there, have boxed their ears.

My aunt received us with a countenance of such gloom that I immediately perceived that something frightful must have occurred.

"Thomas!" she exclaimed. "I've been robbed!"

"Robbed?—my dear aunt! Of what?—your umbrella?"

"Of everything!"

"Of everything? I hope it's not so bad as that."

"It is. I've been robbed of purse, money, tickets, every-

thing, down to my pocket-handkerchief and bunch of keys."

It was the fact—she had. Her pocket, containing all she possessed—out of Cornwall—had been cut out of her dress and carried clean away. It was a very neat piece of work; as the police agreed, when we laid the case before them. They observed, that, of course, they would do their best, but they did not think there was much likelihood of any of the stolen property being regained; adding that, in a crowd like that, people ought to look after their pockets. Which was cold comfort for my aunt. And rounded the day off nicely. Ticketless, moneyless, returning to Cornwall that night was out of the question. I put "the party" up. My aunt had my bed; Mrs. Penna was accommodated in the same room; the others somewhere and somehow. I camped out. In the morning, the telegraph being put in motion, funds were forthcoming, and "the party" started on its homeward way. The railway authorities would listen to nothing about lost excursion tickets. My aunt had to pay full fare—twenty-one and twopenny halfpenny—for each. I can still see her face as she paid.

Two days afterward Master Stephen Treen and Mr. Matthew Holman were reported found by the police; Mr. Holman showing marked signs of a distinct relapse from grace. My aunt had to pay for their being sent home. The next day she received, through the post, in an unpaid envelope, the lost excursion tickets. No comment accompanied them. Her visiting card was in the purse; evidently, the thief, having no use for old excursion tickets, had availed himself of it to send them back to her. She has them to this day; and never looks at them without a qualm. That was her first excursion; she tells me that never, under any circumstances, will she try another.

THE END



THE north wind is a-cold,
Sobbing behind the hill;
The world seems white and old,
For the winter hath its will;
And there is no thrush in the hazel brush
To flate with a silvery trill,

The pale dawns come and go,
And the chill auroras flare;
While the spirit of the snow
Moves wraith-like through the air,
And we know that Death of the icy breath
Is about us everywhere.

And yet, and yet, and yet,
Why should we grieve or pine?
Or house gloom eyed Regret,
Your hand, dear heart, in mine?
We've all the vernal mirth of the earth
With Love for Valentine!

A CURIOUS CUSTOM IN GUAM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EARLY one evening, two American officers were strolling about the streets of Agaña, the capital of the Isle of Guam, for the double purpose of enjoying the night and of finding out the meaning of the knots of natives gathered together at the various street corners.

Overhead, the full moon was golden in its soft light, changing into silver as it was reflected back from the white coral streets of the town. The tall green palms gently swayed to the sea breeze and cast varying shadows here and there. The air was balmy; the natives, in flowing white garments and wide-brimmed straw hats, talked among themselves in low, subdued tones, while from afar came the muffled roar of the surf beating on the barrier reef; there was a restful, dreamy and poetic feeling in the whole atmosphere.

From a distance, the notes of a military bugle broke out clear and distinct, and a small body of native soldiers could be seen approaching, in step with the music. Not a body of soldiers such as one sees nowadays, but something of the past—picturesque in the extreme in the light-blue uniforms with red facings, and brass-bound muskets carried in a fashion of long ago.

"Que cosa?" asked one of the officers, addressing a native at his elbow.

"Señor," the man replied, touching his hat as he spoke, "tis a new bando (decree) of the Gobernador!" And then in reply to further queries, he said: "Tis our custom here, in order that we may know the laws. During the day, señor, we are working on our ranchos which are distant from the city, and we do not return to our homes until the night. Three nights in succession are published the orders—then they become law. 'Tis an old custom, señor, and we have no other way of knowing the laws which we wish to obey."

The patrol halted, and the trumpet sounded a long, piercing note, commanding silence. An official stepped from the party, and, going to the nearest house, tapped on the latticed

window. In response, the window slid back a few inches, and a lighted taper was handed out to him. This official was now joined by another, and then the reading, a sort of double reading, of the order began. In low tones the first official read from the paper, and his words were repeated by the second, in loud, clear tones, each word distinctly spoken, but all in an absolute monotone from the beginning, "Order No. 5," to the ending, "Richard P. Leary, Gobernador de Guajan." Save the herald, not a word was spoken by any one, from the trumpet's command for silence until the burned-out taper was thrown to the ground and the soldiers had marched off to the quick-step again.

When the silence was broken, and the discussion commenced, it was not carried on in the excited tones that one might expect from descendants of the Latin races, but in calm, approving tones, lasting only a few minutes, when the group dispersed to seek their homes and bed.

"Tis a good order, señor, and the people will be the better for it." Then again touching his hat, the native said "Adios!" and disappeared among the shadows.

The two American officers strolled away, silent and musing. There was a strange feeling of being wafted back into medieval times—a feeling of poetry and of longing pervading their whole senses.

CLARENCE INGATE,

U. S. MARINE CORPS.

(Captain Ingate died at Guam in December. This was his last letter.—Ed.)

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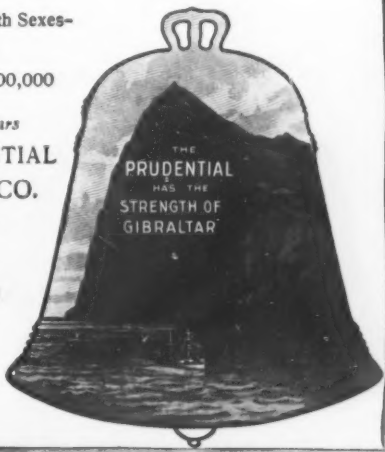
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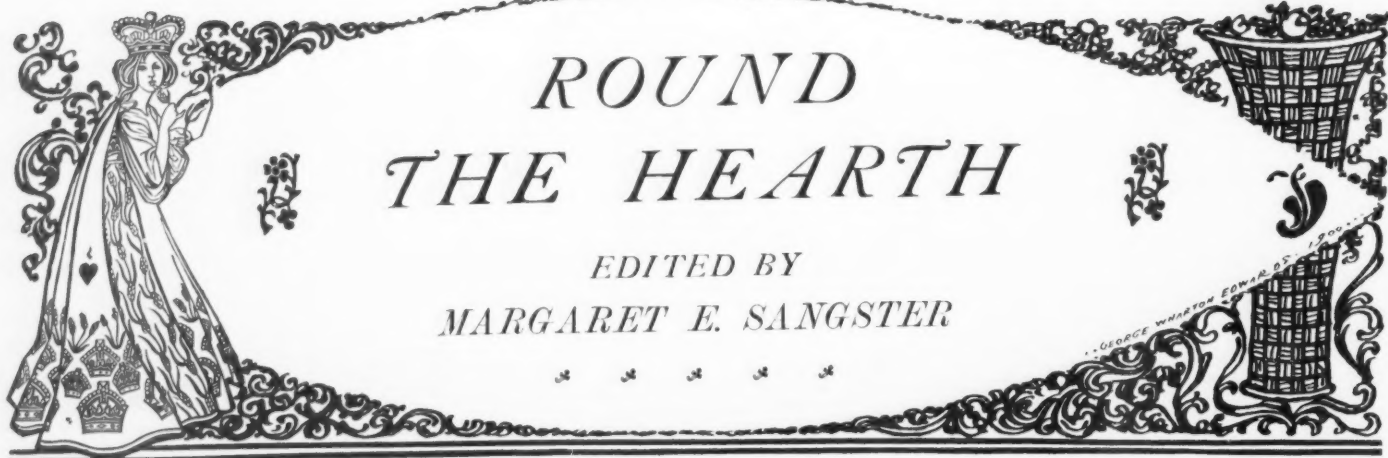
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ROUND THE HEARTH

EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER



country and humanity with heroic unselfishness, and both are in our calendar of saints. It is well that we keep the birthdays of Lincoln and of Washington, well that we teach our children to revere their sturdy rectitude, and their unreserved consecration to their native land. We honor ourselves when we honor them.

St. Valentine is peculiarly the patron of young people, and of young people in love. A young man or woman who is indifferent to love, or averse from it, is somehow out of tune with nature, and out of touch with the world, which needs love as its saving salt amid the tumult of war, the strifes of trade, the greed of commerce, and the modern trend to materialism. We sometimes smile at the familiar phrases, "Love is enough," "'Tis love that makes the world go round," but if the smile be cynical, if there be in it the faintest trace of scepticism, we show some fatal warp in our own minds, some singular lack of discernment as to the true relations of things. Society has faults enough, ideals are often debased, objects are sought with fierceness of pursuit which are not worth honest effort and pains, but, through all chances and changes, love abides and reigns. Whatever Valentine may go from Corydon to Phyllis, it will be prized according as her heart responds to his, and its delicacy of suggestion will carry a subtle flavor of honeyed compliment, graceful in the offering, gracious in the accepting. No modern suitor may hope to exceed in charm of worship that prince of lovers, Romeo, whose immortal youth wanes not in the progress of the centuries. Can any lover of the hour surpass Romeo, when he declares of Juliet that if her eyes were stars in heaven, they

"Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night;
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"

Another felicitous writer of Valentines, were he still upon the earth to-day, would be Thomas Peacock, who thus delightfully describes a certain belle of the ball:

"When she stood up for dancing,
Her steps were so complete,
The music almost killed itself
To listen to her feet."

a stanza which recalls a still older conceit, in which a gallant poet declares of a lady, that

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out."

A little exaggeration, a touch of the superlative, a feeling too strong to be expressed without the aid of poetry, belong to the atmosphere of St. Valentine, when Cupid is privileged and hearts are susceptible, and even in the face of sharp wind and flying flake, Spring waves her banners, and we catch the scent of flowers that are to be. "O, that I were a glove upon that hand!" Blessings on the lover who knows what Romeo meant!

One observes in going about, that violets hold their own, among the flowers which women choose to wear, though lilies of the valley dispute their sway. Roses are not satisfactory for the corsage, as they fade too quickly in a heated room. A certain incongruity is obvious, when a lady's bunch of violets covers the front of her gown like a shield, or the lilies in her belt resemble a sheaf. Too many flowers detract from

spending money, they are in danger of forgetting the principles which govern artistic ornamentation. We care too much about the cost of things and make far too much of their money value. When the wife of a millionaire appears at the opera with a dog-collar blazing with great white diamonds around her neck, or with pearls like birds' eggs in her ears, the first thought is of their opulent splendor and the fortune invested

in their beauty. A lady wearing two or three rings of price upon her hand is adorned; a lady whose slender fingers are loaded with gems in solitaires, loops and clusters is simply barbaric, and fit to vie with a begum of India. Women of fashion, who have jewels in store, should ordain a vogue of simplicity, and make it had form to wear too many ornaments at once.

The chief glory of jewels is not always that they may be worn; it is in their unchanging charm as possessions, and in the fact that they compress large values in easily portable shape and weight. Amid days of exile and revolution, when kings and queens have been forced to flee before clamoring crowds of hot-headed rioters, nothing is more pathetic than the picture of royalty wrapped in a long cloak, carrying its jewel-box in its hand, and holding fast to its treasures as it drives in frantic haste to the frontier or the sea. Generations pass, the earth opens her motherly arms for the slumbers of forgotten hosts of her children, but jewels descend from father to son, and the bride of to-day pins her veil with the diamond which fastened her great-grandmother's in the long ago.

Speaking of love, may we not hope that in some future day the most popular novels will treat this theme in a less meretricious way than has prevailed of late? Illicit love should not furnish the motive for so much of our romantic literature, nor should we be obliged to lay down a widely-read and much-talked-of book with a feeling of protest against our own interest. Society is not all a hollow sham, whatever the novelists may say; men and women are not, as a rule, lost to honor, nor unfaithful to their marriage vows, and for one home shamed and broken there are always ten thousand which are peaceful, blessed, mutually helpful and strongly entrenched in the fastnesses of morality and religion.

TRUE COURTESY

THE TRIFLES light as air, the small acts of courtesy as automatic as a man's lifting his hat to a friend on the street, the gracious words of compliment instinctively uttered by persons of good breeding, have much to do with making life agreeable. A man may have spotless integrity in business, and be a hoar at home. A woman may be a saint in many ways, yet permit in herself ill-temper and fretfulness which are wet blankets on the family joy. The little cares for the comfort of others, the expressions of kind feeling spontaneous as the sunshine and as heart-cheering, and the habit of continual politeness are so precious that those who have achieved their daily practice are among our best beloved and most popular acquaintances.

One recognizes, wherever she encounters a fellow-traveller on the road, his possession of the finest manners, or his comparative lack of them. Everybody has a manner of some sort, native or acquired, but absolutely fine manners are the fairest flower of civilization, and, in a sense, are a decoration, showing that one belongs to that great body of well-trained men and women who compose the world's invisible legion of honor. Not by any means are the finest manners the badge of the richest people in society, of the best dressed, or the most fashionable. A fashionable woman is sometimes extremely brusque and rude, and a laundress may be very deferential and courteous. There is no real politeness which has not in it the element of deference, of consideration for the rights and dignities of others.

In public conveyances, where, as in the crowded cars of



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LILLIAN NORDICA, AS BRUNHILDE, IN WAGNERIAN OPERA, AT
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK

the idea of decoration, and, in a sense, efface their wearer, who seems like an accessory to them rather than the person whom they are adorning. Any ornament which is massive in effect, and, so to speak, forces itself on attention, loses its artistic value.

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our great cities, women are elbowed and jostled, forced to cling convulsively to straps, and almost thrown from their feet as the cars lurch suddenly forward or swing around a curve, one often sees the man who is not merely polite to the women he knows in society but thoughtful of women in general. He may wear the rough coat of a laborer, but he does not enjoy the spectacle of a woman buffeted by a throng of tightly packed and struggling fellow-passengers, and he rises and offers her his seat. If not a laborer, the man who oftenest performs this thoughtful and gallant action is apt to be old, with white hair, and the beautiful manners which were taught at home and in school forty years ago, and, he cannot hide himself behind a newspaper while women of any age are uncomfortable.

Nobody claims any courtesy of this sort on the road from man more than from woman. Nobody insists that a woman has the right to pass first out of a room, or to sit while a man stands, or to be served first, or in any time of her life to demand from the other sex *les petits services*. It is not a matter of right, it is rather a beautiful concession of the stronger to the weaker, of the gentleman to the lady. But it, and the like of it, have much to do with the pleasure which we all crave as part of our birth-right, and with the lightness of heart which helps the foot to be light too, and detracts from the weight of the pack which most shoulders carry.

If these little courtesies are ever to be again assumed by men, as generally, as graciously as they once were, the mothers of men must begin their education a little earlier. Constantly one observes the small boy entering his mother's room with the air of a ball tossed from the hand of a pitcher, or the tempestuous rush of a miniature whirlwind, interrupting her letters or her conversation without ceremony, and behaving as if his errand were more important than her peace. The little fellow meets his mother on the street with a careless nod, forgetting to raise his cap. He sees her incumbered with bundles and makes no offer of service. None is expected or required. He calmly occupies a seat by her side in a car, swinging his feet complacently or gazing out of the window, while gray-haired women or young girls stand. The mother is to blame. She is not teaching her son, in childhood, the first essential of good manners, which is forgetfulness of self, and she is failing to train him in the graceful performance of small acts of courtesy.

The most awkward and self-conscious of men and women may overcome clumsiness, and must inevitably do so, by persistent drilling. One of the best things home can do for the children, who are its chief delight, is to so train them that it shall be natural for them to be invariably polite, and almost an impossibility in any circumstances for them to lapse into rudeness.

Especially grateful is the exercise of thoughtful politeness toward the aged. Very great tact and a delicate sensitiveness are necessary in offering them attention, for their feeling of dissatisfaction at being, in a measure, cut off from former activities leads them to resent obtrusive aid. They flaunt their independence of help in the face of the unfortunate junior who is too ready to spring to their assistance, not because they are unamiable, but rather because their whole mental attitude is a defiant and pathetic challenge of the marauder, Time. And yet, they do love and appreciate the younger eyes, the younger hands, the younger feet, which are at their service, and they go more cheerfully down life's westerling slope, if they are accompanied by ministering friends who know how to give them a lift now and then.

THE RUSH OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN CONTRAST with the quiet and leisurely ways of a German town, or of an English village, how intense, how tumultuous, how hurrying is our American life. The atmosphere tingles with electricity, the crowds are eager, there is everywhere the sense of a great deal to do, and not half time enough in which to do it. One who returns to her own land after a stay of some years abroad is impressed anew with the intensity of existence here, and, if she has been long away, has the feeling of being an alien at home, and yearns to go back to some old European city where people do not rush, where there are old-fashioned customs, and work need not be done in a day, and the life is more than meat. One reason why it is an advantage for our daughters to study music in Leipzig, Stuttgart or Berlin, is that, aside from being interlarded with the appreciation of art, indigenous to the Old World, they may work where the day's work stands by itself, and the learner is not expected to crowd a year's progress into a few weeks. The work, not the result, is the thing sought in a German conservatory, while in a university one may take course after course, with keen, profound, scholarly and yet childlike professors, to whom art is the one important thing, and money the thing least noteworthy in the current of human events. Dress is not there the imperious necessity which we find it, so far as fashion goes, and one may even look like a frump and retain her self-respect and the regard of her friends; not that it is upon the whole desirable to look as if one had stepped out of the ark, but only that, for a change, it is a good thing for an American woman to realize that fashion is not the chief pivot of the universe.

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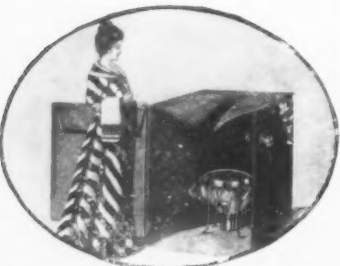
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I had suffered 12 years from falling womb, constipation, backache, sleepless nights, headache, nervousness, and general weakness all over. Since wearing your brace 3 months, I thank God and you that I have new life all through me; can do two days work in one; no more terrible backache; all gone. I sleep all night long; my nerves are wonderfully strengthened; my memory is better than it has been for years; in fact I feel younger ever.
JULIA BRECKENMAKER.

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Of Physical Manhood.

No form of athletic exercise demands such perfect physical condition as prize fighting. Every muscle in the body must be fully developed and supple, and the heart, lungs and stomach must act to perfection.

Whether we endorse prize fighting or not, it is nevertheless interesting to know the manner by which men arrive at such physical perfection.

James Jefferies, the present champion heavy weight of the world, and his gallant opponent, Tom Sharkey, in the greatest pugilistic encounter that has ever taken place, both pursued much the same course of training and the first and most important part of this training was to get the stomach in condition, and keep the digestion absolutely perfect, so that every muscle and nerve would be at its highest capabilities.

This was not done by a secret patent medicine, but both of these great pugilists used a well-known natural digestive tablet supplied by druggists under name of **Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets** and composed of the digestive ferments, which every stomach requires for healthy digestion.

Champion Jefferies says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets prevent acidity, strengthen the stomach and insure perfect digestion. They keep a man in fine physical condition." Signed, James J. Jefferies, champion of the world.

The gallant fighter, Sharkey, says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets remove all discomfort after eating. They rest the stomach and restore it to a healthy condition. I heartily recommend them." Signed, Thos. J. Sharkey.

The advantage of the daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is that they keep the people well and ward off sickness and are equally valuable to well persons as to the dyspeptics. Another advantage is that these tablets contain no cathartics, or poisons of any character, but simply digestive ferments which are found in every healthy stomach, and when digestion is imperfect it is because the stomach lacks some of these elements and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets supply it. They are no cheap cathartics, but a perfectly safe and efficient digestive and the demand for them is greater than the sale of all other so-called dyspepsia cures combined. No remedy could possibly reach such a place in public esteem except as the result of positive merit.

Full sized packages are sold by all druggists at 50 cents and the best habit you can possibly form is to take a Stuart's Tablet after each meal. They make weak stomachs strong and keep strong stomachs vigorous.



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A MODERN PORTIA

With a gesture expressive of firm resolution, as if the affair were quite settled, the Countess Madeline pointed to her lacquered Japanese cabinet that shimmered in the lamp-light and said, very gravely:

"Open one of those three drawers, Valentine, and be sure that you choose the right one. Each drawer contains an answer to the prayer which you have addressed to me for the past six months. If you open that which contains the answer 'Yes,' I will be yours and will marry you as soon as you please. But take care that you do not get the wrong answer; for, if you do, you will never see me again."

"Alas!" said Valentine, "there are two chances to one against me. How cruel you are, my darling!"

"Well," said the countess, "if I marry you I can at least lay the blame on Fate."

The young man hesitated a long time. His hand wavered from drawer to drawer, not venturing to touch any, and his heart sank with the fear of choosing wrongly. At last he shut his eyes and opened a drawer at hazard.

Oh, rapture! the little piece of pink paper, when unfolded, disclosed to his glad eyes the exquisite word "Yes." In ecstasy he clasped the blushing Madeline in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She did not deny him.

Valentine, being but a bashful swain, never knew that he had backed up against a foregone conclusion. The three drawers that had held his cards of fate had been "stacked."

THE EASY METHOD

THE WAYSIDE MISSIONARY: "Why do you drink that vile stuff?"

Dismal Dawson: "Cause it's the easiest way to get it down. I can't breathe it, kin I?"

CALLED HIS BLUFF

ONE OF the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments, until one of the company at the round table lost patience, and said, in a gruff tone:

"Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Well," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it."

THE NEW SCHOLARSHIP

"I THOUGHT you said the drummers had all gone out of business. Look at those fellows around the register."

"Those are not drummers. They are Eastern college presidents stumping the West for advertising purposes."

A METAPHORICAL GENIUS

WISCONSIN is still lamenting the death of one of its ablest editors, a literary genius of Irish birth, whose specialty was the mixture of metaphors. He first achieved fame by this stinging reply to an offending contemporary: "Thus the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boomerang to his hand, and he is hoist by his own petard, and finds himself a marked man."

In good time he went the way of the world. In a little ante-mortem obituary which he left on his desk he said: "We feel that our race is almost run. Like a tired runner, we shall soon cross the harbor bar, and, casting aside the harness, shall lie down upon that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

THEIR SOURCE OF INFORMATION

"HAVE you made any new discoveries today in that case we're working on?" inquired one detective.

"Not yet," replied the other. "I haven't had time to read the newspapers."

LAWTON'S FATALISM

A WESTERN orator recently attributed to General Lawton the dying speech of "Bucky" O'Neil of the Rough Riders, who was struck in the mouth by a bullet at San Juan just after he had remarked that the bullet had not been made which could hit him.

A brother-officer of General Lawton in the Philippines corrects this report in this wise: "I had remarked, half jestingly, that he offered a very conspicuous target for a bullet, and he laughed and replied that the right bullet would always find its mark, no matter how small. Then he related an incident which occurred during the Civil War. In one of the engagements of his command—I can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing, and scared him so badly that he jumped straight up into the air, like a rabbit. As he did so a minnie ball knocked off the crown of his head. 'That was the one particular bullet intended to kill him,' said General Lawton, 'and he actually had to jump after it.' He spoke in a light, offhand fashion, but there was an undertone of seriousness in his voice, and I inferred from the story that he was, like most veteran soldiers, a pronounced fatalist."

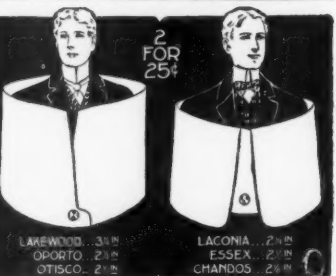
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SEND ONE DOLLAR
Cut this ad. out and send to us, mention No. 192, state your HEIGHT and WEIGHT, state number inches around body at BELT and around regular coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express C. O. D. **SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION.** Examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, and such a Mackintosh as sells in fancy city stores at double our price, pay your express agent **OUR \$7.00 SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, 50c** less the \$1.00, or \$6.50 and express charges.

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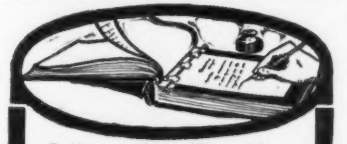
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QUEEN VICTORIA'S POWERS

AMID all the heated discussions called forth by the pending war in South Africa the argument is often heard that Queen Victoria, at least, should be held blameless, since she is wholly powerless to interfere with the existing state of affairs.

This contention is false. According to the accepted terms of England's unwritten constitution, the Queen's powers in time of war are absolute. In case of invasion or sudden insurrection, her Majesty could demand that every able-bodied man should take up arms, could call out the militia, and could seize all ships. Many of her powers, were they to be exercised in time of war, would probably bring defeat on the British forces, for the Queen has the supreme right to control her forces, whether on land or sea, and has power to cancel the acts and orders of generals. She could disband the navy and sell British ships, if she chose, and she could likewise impress foreign seamen. The Queen, in fact, could make war in any country, and bring peace again at any price.

HER PET AVERSION

SOFTLEIGH: "Yes, dearest, I will always love thee, alone."

Ethel: "I hope so, Willie, because I should hate to have you love me before a room full of company."

TOMMY ATKINS AT CLOSE RANGE

IN CONNECTION with the alleged acts of brutality committed on the part of British soldiers in South Africa, the following incident, as related by the London "Daily News," appears significant:

"Among the women who saw the soldiers off the other day was the wife of a trooper who was seen to shudder as she turned from the train. A bystander attempted to commiserate with the apparently awe-stricken wife, when he was met with the following answer: 'Oh, it ain't 'im I'm troubling about, it's them poor Boers I'm thinkin' of. Bill's such a terror when 'e starts.' So saying, the woman started off home, shuddering at the dire fate that awaited our enemies in South Africa."

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

HE: "I beg your pardon, but—er—I did not quite catch the name—"

SHE: "Miss Fitz-Mount-mo-rency."

HE: "Thanks! What a pretty name! and so uncommon."

SHE (laughingly): "Did you think I was called Jones?"

HE (feebly): "A—pardon—but—er—my name is Jones."

ANTIQUE THIMBLES

THE LATEST fad among curio-hunters is for collecting antique thimbles. First in point of interest comes the old fashioned ivory "finger-lid," used in the eighteenth century, and now very rare. It is fairly costly, but the carving makes it thick and heavy, and for this reason, no doubt, it soon passed out of fashion. The gold thimble, with open end, used fifty or more years ago, is also sought after, and jeweled thimbles are fetching almost any price. These, though uncommon as yet, promise to be used again a great deal, especially as souvenirs. Really precious stones are seldom set in them, as they cannot be imbedded sufficiently deep in the surrounding gold; but turquoise, amber, tiny pearls, and cuttings from fine stones are often used.

A LONG-FELT WANT

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.

"I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an absent-minded old lady in the audience.

FAMOUS PACKS OF CARDS

A PACK of cards was recently sold in a London stationer's for six hundred dollars. It was one of the handsomest Italian copperplate card games called "terocchi di Montagna," engraved during the fifteenth century. Another pack of cards recently sold at Paris for a thousand francs. Each of the cards in this pack is a masterpiece of the engraver's art, and all the figures in the game were historical personages. The queen of hearts, for instance, represented Queen Anne, the king of hearts being her husband, Prince George of Denmark. The queen of diamonds was Queen Anne Sophia of Denmark, the queen of clubs the then Crown Princess of Prussia, the wife of Frederick William I., and the queen of spades Princess Anna of Russia, later on the Czarina. The jacks in this deck of cards represent the most prominent diplomats of Europe at the same time. Another famous set of cards is an incomplete pack of old Spanish cards found in Mexico, with the supposed bones of one of the followers of Cortez.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER



"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



A REGULAR hurricane came swooping down upon the skaters at Newburg last Friday and easily demonstrated the fact that in planning to witness the races on runners one must make as certain arrangements with Old Probabilities as when going down the bay to a yacht race. The novices were sent out in an attempt to show that the wind could be dared. A round thousand had gathered to see the races, and for braving the blasts deserved to be encouraged. But two heats of the 1,500 metre novice race was enough, and the only final winner was the wind.

These two heats resulted in the qualifying of Morris, Bowerman and Williams in the first heat; Cox, Leach and Gray in the second. Then the races were postponed until Saturday morning at nine o'clock, and the crowd went away rather eagerly. Having proved his prowess, old Boreas seemed content to withdraw, and by nine o'clock the day was as fine as one might wish. The ice was good, and the crowd was four times that of Friday. Leach, who had taken second place in the second heat on the day before, was too strong for Williams and Morris, finishing first in 4 minutes and 5 seconds, the other two following in the order named.

Then came the 500 metre Eastern championship, in which there was great interest. Thomas, the Newburg man, was the favorite, and beat out Pilkie of Montreal in 57 2-5 seconds in the first heat. The second heat was skated in exactly the same time, Drury of Montreal winning, with Gibb of Newburg second. In the final heat the pace was faster, Thomas seeming to have the race as he liked when he fell, and Drury came to the front, with Pilkie, the other Montreal man, second, and Gibb third. The time was 55 1-5 seconds. The distance in our measurements is 546 4-5 yards. Comparative records are misleading, owing to conditions of wind and ice, but P. Oestlund is accredited with having done it in 46 3-5 seconds.

The 10,000 metre championship, about six and a fifth miles, had ten entries, and was skated in a single heat. There were four Newburg men—Sager, Thomas, Gibb and McMillan; three Canadians—Drury, Spooner and Pilkie; and three outsiders—Holland of New Haven, Leach of Chester, and Bock of Tarrytown. There was some pretty rough skating indulged in, and the referee had his hands full, but no one was disqualified, and Sager finished first, with Thomas second, the Montreal men securing a third place with Drury, although Gibb believed he had been fouled by the Canadian. The time was 24 minutes 55 seconds. The records accredited J. J. Eden with having covered this distance under 18 minutes, while J. S. Johnson in his prime has in this same period of time—that is, 24 minutes 55 seconds—covered exactly eight miles. The 1,500 metre race was skated in two heats. The first heat was won by Thomas, with Caldwell of Montreal second, and Drury third; the second heat went to Gibb, with Pilkie second, and Sager third. The skating in this heat was slow, some thirteen seconds behind the time made in the first heat by Thomas. The final resulted in a hot race, Thomas exchanging with Sager and getting first place, while Drury was once more content with third. The time was 3 minutes 2 seconds. Here again Oestlund is given the record, his time being 2 minutes 23 3-5 seconds. The 3,000 metre handicap was won by Thomas, with Sager again second; Leach third; time 5 minutes 52 seconds. The 5,000 metre championship scratch was skated in a single heat, Thomas once more taking first place, Sager second, and Gibb third. The time was 11 minutes 46 2-5 seconds. The Newburg men outpaced the Canadians throughout the races, having things pretty much their own way, save for Thomas's fall in the 500 metre.

It is in distances of over 100 yards that the marked advantage of the skater over the runner begins to make itself felt, for at a hundred yards the runner gets such a start that the skater but barely overtakes him, the record of the skater from a standing start and without a wind being 9 4-5 seconds, a record which the runner has also reached. This explains the running on his skates of the roller-polo player which led to the abuse of locked rollers. But when the distance increases the far greater ease of the skater manifests itself. He does not lose his wind and his legs do not tire. He skates a half mile in 1 minute 22 seconds (see both Oestlund and Johnson), and a mile in 2 minutes 45 seconds, while the runner takes 1 minute 52 3-5 seconds for the half and 4 minutes 12 3-4 seconds for the mile. As the distance grows greater the runner is hopelessly left behind, and while the skater is finishing his tenth mile, the runner is only a little past six.

Harvard and Yale will row their annual four-mile race at New London the end of June, while the University of Pennsylvania will collect Columbia, Cornell, Syracuse, and perhaps others for an intercollegiate regatta, or "American Henley," at Poughkeepsie. These two are the regular scheduled events. Behind them is the probability that Pennsylvania may attempt foreign conquests as well. Although it has been practically officially decided not to send a Pennsylvania crew to Henley, and although the question of funds is said to stand in the way of sending a crew to Paris, it is safe to say that the matter is by no means yet settled, and that the rank and file of Pennsylvanians want to send one or more crews abroad. Furthermore, it is a fact that if Ward looks to be likely to get out material for a few first-class crews there will be money enough to give them a try at carrying Pennsylvania's rowing supremacy from Poughkeepsie to Paris, and perhaps to Henley. To row at Poughkeepsie and at Paris does not necessarily call for two distinct crews, but to cover the Poughkeepsie and the Henley events does. This is always an awkward affair for American college crew managers to contemplate. As a rule there is just barely time for a crew to finish its American college race, step on the steamer, and reach London in the midst of Henley week. Naturally such a close conjunction makes it impossible for an eight rowing in the intercollegiate or the Harvard-Yale race to row that same year at Henley. If Pennsylvania, having last year won the Poughkeepsie race, and the year before having defeated Cornell, the conquerors of Yale and Harvard, should this year go to Henley and win, her title to boating rank would be the best that any university crew on either side the water has ever secured. This is such a sequence of victories that it seems well worth the while to Pennsylvania leaders to consider it very carefully and favorably, and the fact that it has been temporarily abandoned is by no means indicative that the project may not yet be forced through. Moreover, there are many other considerations behind this rowing question. Pennsylvania went to Poughkeepsie a few years ago and stood the jibes and jests of those who said Ward and the stroke that Pennsylvania exhibited were obsolete. The race was rowed in half a sea, and Pennsylvania was swamped because their boat and their rowing was adapted to shell racing, and not to the rowing of a jolly boat in an open sea. In spite of this, their second year of discouragement, they stuck to it, and at Saratoga two years ago they scored their initial triumph. Cornell had rowed in the New London race and beaten Yale by several lengths, the Harvard boat being as far behind the Yale boat at the finish as the Yale was behind Cornell. Then the Ithacans went to Saratoga to place a final crowning victory upon their oarsmen. Pennsylvania, with her despised stroke, won the race. But there were plenty to detract still from Pennsylvania's hard-earned victory. These people said that had Cornell not been obliged to row the two races Pennsylvania would not have succeeded in winning. So it chanced that, although the victors, Pennsylvania still had not secured the recognition that her boating men believed they had earned. But at Poughkeepsie last year all the crews started upon an equality. No crew had any excuse, not one of them but had an equal chance. Pennsylvania for the second time, and even more decisively in the case of Cornell and Columbia, defeated all the other crews. Cornell had up to this time assumed the position of being the rowing college which held the Poughkeepsie boating interests together. Nor was it without reason and justice. But Pennsylvania had rather matched up her football supremacy with Cornell's rowing prominence, and the annual football contest at Philadelphia was taken as a stand-off for the Poughkeepsie regatta. Last fall, however, Pennsylvania made a vigorous protest against a certain member of the Cornell team, and practically insisted that the proofs of the indignity of this player were so thoroughly established that Cornell must not make use of his services in their annual contest. Cornell ignored these demands and Walbridge played. This gave rise to considerable feeling, and all this has an important bearing upon Pennsylvania's relations with Cornell and upon the present boating questions. In other words, Pennsylvania would sacrifice a Hudson River victory for a Henley triumph, could she determine beforehand the result and have her choice. As it is she must have a crew at Poughkeepsie. That is certain. If, in addition, she can have another at Henley, and either one again at Paris, she stands a chance of placing a crowning triumph to her boating career under Ellis Ward. That is why the question is not likely to be finally determined until the material has been thoroughly examined.

WALTER CAMP.



THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED METRE RACE

E. A. THOMAS

THE FIVE THOUSAND METRE RACE



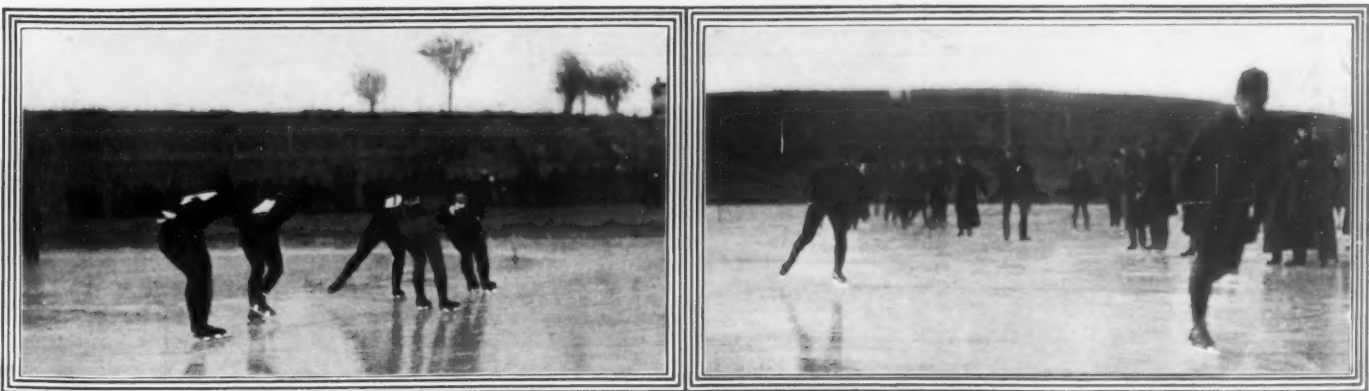
F. R. SAGER

START OF THE FINAL HEAT, THE THREE THOUSAND METRE RACE

F. D. GIBB



THE MOMENT OF THE START OF THE THREE THOUSAND METRE RACE



MAKING THE TURN IN THE FIVE THOUSAND METRE RACE

THOMAS WINS THE THREE THOUSAND METRE RACE

THE EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP SKATING TOURNAMENT AT NEWBURG, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

THE DEAN OF ORCHESTER
(MR. CROMPTON)LIEUT. LAUNCELOT PLEYDELL
(MR. STANDING)LIEUT. JOHN HINDS, V. C.
(MR. FAVERSHAM)THE BARONESS ROYDON
(MISS ANGLIN)LADY MARGARET PLEYDELL
(MRS. WHIFFEN)

"BROTHER OFFICERS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT I.

THE DRAMA

IT DOES NOT take Mr. Charles Frohman long to make up his mind whether one of his pieces is a success or a failure. So the fatuous "My Lady's Lord" was speedily withdrawn from the Empire Theatre to make way for a new comedy, "Brother Officers," by a dramatist unknown here, Mr. Leo Trevor. The play is a popular success; it is also a pretty good play. In the first act, it gives promise of being a singularly fresh and unconventional comedy. It soon becomes in treatment conventional, without, however, losing its wholesome sentiment and the curiously piquant quality of its dialogue.

Mr. Leo Trevor, author of "Brother Officers," had good fortune in the choice of his subject. Any play that deals with the army, with almost any army, has by this very fact a point in its favor. There is another reason why Mr. Trevor had luck in his subject. It is one of those rare subjects that go straight to the heart. The hero, Lieutenant John Hinds, formerly a sergeant, promoted for bravery, becomes sadly ill at ease when thrown into association with his brother officers. He knows he is not a "gentleman"—in England they are more frank about these matters than we are—and he appeals to his friend, Lieutenant Launcelot Pleydell, for instruction in the delicate art of becoming a gentleman. Now this is the most attractive kind of stage hero that could possibly be invented. He has that most admirable of qualities, modesty. He captures at once the sympathy of the audience. As soon as Pleydell has advised him to cultivate ease of manner, his undoing becomes evident to every spectator, and there is pathos, the kind of pathos made the more poignant because it approximates so nearly farce-comedy, when Hinds, introduced to some charming ladies, who have come to call on their military friends, recklessly orders champagne and falls into disgrace with his superior officer and into shame before the visitors. Naturally, one of these is the girl that attracts his fancy, the Baroness Roydon, who, observing the predicament Hinds has fallen into, declares that she is thirsty and insists upon taking a drink.

For a man in the position of Hinds, at the close of the champagne episode in the first act, disaster was of course inevitable. He would fall in love with the Baroness, a woman who could have nothing in common with him, and whom he never could win. But would the dramatist have the courage to follow the truth? Would not the truth spoil his comedy? Well, Mr. Trevor did follow the truth, and his comedy has not been hurt one jot. The truth never hurts anything, in art as well as in life. In fact, it is the only thing that makes a work of art worth while. In the second act, we find Hinds hopelessly in love. The Baroness has

frankly given him—her friendship, inspired by his generous and manly qualities. His "pal," Pleydell, also generous, but weak, ruined at cards, confesses his wrongdoing to the Baroness, to whose friendly aid he owes all his advancement in life. Here Mr. Trevor shows courage again. He actually allows the Baroness—in the moment when she learns the truth, the terrible moment of disappointment at the shattering of her faith in a young man she has always honored—he actually allows her to confess that she loves him. You see how untheatrical it all is. It even violates theatrical ethics! But

accession of this actress to the stock company of the Empire Theatre is the reward of several years of excellent work. Last season Miss Anglin made her first marked impression on the general public by her sincere and graceful impersonation of Roxane in Richard Mansfield's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." She has since had several successes, the most conspicuous being her Mimi in Mr. Henry Miller's production of "The Only Way." There is nothing remarkable about her acting as the Baroness Pleydell, but everything she does is conscientiously and correctly done, and she makes the woman lifelike. Mr. William Faversham has a most congenial part in John Hinds, and he plays it as well as he has played anything in his career at the Empire. It is really a most satisfying piece of work. Mr. Guy Standing looks big and officer-like as Pleydell, and acts earnestly and intelligently, as he always does. Those first-rate artists, Mr. W. H. Crompton and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen are provided with characters that suit them, and Mr. Joseph Wheelock is boyish and mildly amusing as a subordinate young lover. A reference should be made to the brilliant acting of Mr. Edwin Stevens, as the adventurer.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

MARGARET ANGLIN

it is exactly what would have happened in life! Hinds takes his disappointment like the hero he is, saves by his knowledge of low life his friend Pleydell from the clutches of a miserable adventurer—Mr. Trevor falls into melodrama here; but we can forgive him—and sees his two friends made happy.

The acting made the piece go swiftly and smoothly. As there was no part suited to Miss Jessie Millward, Miss Margaret Anglin was cast for the rôle of the young Baroness. The

of the part. In this they were disappointed. Herr Van Rooy sang with his accustomed sonority; but his interpretation was purely conventional. Madame Schumann-Heink's Magdalena proved to be a great revelation, a characterization rich in humor, to which the very music seemed to give an additional vividness. As Beckmesser, Herr Friedrichs presented ample evidence of the great talent which for many years made him one of the leading actors in the German drama. JOHN D. BARRY.

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